

# The New REPUBLIC

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### The Week

**F**EAR of the effect which will be produced by the new tariff law is being manifested both in Europe and in Canada. The latter country, in particular, is greatly exercised over the prospect that duties on goods exported to the United States may be increased. There is talk of reprisals, both in the form of a similar increase in the Canadian duties, and in a refusal to coöperate with the United States regarding the St. Lawrence canal and power project. It is also said that the failure of the recent conference on liquor smuggling was due to the new era of bad feeling. Efforts are being made at Washington to offset this unfavorable impression. Persons "close to Mr. Hoover" say that he does not intend to countenance a general upward revision of all duties, such as the Grundys want, but an agricultural tariff, plus the "remedying" of a few other schedules which "seem out of harmony with the tariff law as a whole." There are two things to

be said about this. It is not Mr. Hoover, but Congress which will write the new bill; he might easily decide to sign a measure many items of which he disliked, rather than veto it with the fear that it would be passed over his head. Also, while an agricultural tariff, as Professor Robert Stewart has shown in our columns, cannot aid the American farmer, it can do grave harm to the Canadian wheat grower whose sales to the United States form a large part of the country's total American exports of half a billion dollars annually. You cannot have it both ways; tariffs high enough to affect trade are bound to have a disturbing effect upon relations with the countries adversely affected by those tariffs. Some day we may need to consider that fact.

**WHEN** a clerk in the British Foreign Office was asked, in the play "Wings over Europe," what he considered the two most important things in the world, he answered, "Love and Anglo-American relations." This humorous line undoubtedly represents a real state of mind on the part of Englishmen. Sensitiveness as to the effect in this country of anything that may be said or done by British officials explains the apparently unjustified excitement over Ambassador Sir Esmé Howard's interview predicting that before long Great Britain would move toward consultation with the United States on matters of naval policy that underlie the effort to agree on naval disarmament. This harmless statement brought forth a comment from Foreign Minister Austen Chamberlain that the Ambassador to Washington was speaking only for himself, that the Foreign Office had, indeed, been giving serious study to these matters, but that nothing would be done before the Dominions were consulted. Sir Austen's words, in turn, which were interpreted as a partial repudiation of Sir Esmé's interview, caused numerous influential British papers to accuse the Foreign Office of blundering by creating a bad impression in the United States. As a matter of fact, opinion here is not so sensitive that an incident of this sort could do much harm. Consultation on naval policy and sea law is highly important, but it can easily wait, and it should await the result of the British elections.

THE absence of any news recently from Egypt does not signify that things are going well there, but merely that the censorship is highly effective. About a year ago, Great Britain abandoned the effort to come to terms with the Nationalist party, and forced out of office the Nationalist Premier, Nahas Pasha. His place was taken by a less stiff-necked man, Mohamed Mahmoud, who obligingly consented to the forced dispersal of the overwhelmingly Nationalist Parliament. The members of this body managed to meet privately on the day when Parliament was to have convened, and passed a resolution declaring the present regime unconstitutional. They were dispersed by the police, a fact which seems to have passed virtually unnoticed by the European and American press, and a silent struggle is now in progress between Mohamed Mahmoud and the British, on the one hand, and the Nationalists on the other. The old series of consequences, which Anglo-Saxon administrators seem never to be able to learn, is enacting itself: the more the Nationalists are suppressed, the stronger they become. The lid is still held down by main force, but the day seems not far distant when it may blow off.

THE "Coal and Iron Police," the organization of private guards maintained by coal companies and other large corporations in Pennsylvania, has a long and bloody record, much of which has been told in the pages of *The New Republic*. It is doubtful, however, whether there is any incident in its history more shocking than the beating to death of John Barkoski, a miner of Santiago, Pa., for which Lieut. W. J. Lyster and Privates H. P. Watts and Frank Slapikas, who are in the pay of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, have been arrested and charged with murder. Barkoski interfered in a drunken quarrel in the course of which the two privates named above had assaulted his brother-in-law. It seems probable that he attacked one of the policemen with a penknife, after which he was beaten severely on the head with a revolver butt, and taken to the barracks. There Lieutenant Lyster remarked, "I feel like a good work-out," stripped to his undershirt, and began to beat Barkoski (who lay on the floor half-unconscious) with a poker. When he wearied of this, he and Watts jumped up and down on their victim, who died without regaining consciousness. To an investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union, the attendants at the morgue, where he was taken, said that

he was the most abused person ever brought to the morgue. His entire body was a mass of lacerations and bruises, his rib structure fractured, lungs punctured and skull apparently fractured. His hands were swollen to twice their normal size, from deflecting some of the earlier blows from his head. His face and head had definite appearances of knife lacerations.

When previous brutalities by the Coal and Iron Police were brought to Governor Fisher's attention

by *The New Republic*, he took, so far as we are aware, no action regarding them. We are glad to state that in this case he has been stirred to action, and has started an independent investigation. The whole institution of private guards is one that cannot be too soon abolished. These men are, many of them, of the lowest moral character. They regard themselves, and are to some extent regarded by their employers, as existing for the purpose of terrorizing the miners, and particularly during times of labor disputes. The obligation of maintaining order in the mine districts is one which belongs to the public authorities. If the death of Barkoski forces them to assume that responsibility, he will not have died in vain.

THE SHOOTING of seven Chicago gangsters, presumably by members of a rival gang with which they had a feud (or by policemen because of a dispute over the payment of graft) has caused Congress to amend the present law so as to provide that alien bootleggers and gangsters, after being convicted and serving out their sentences, shall be deported from the United States. In so far as this provision is aimed at the gangster, it will have little effect; it is not the immigrant, but the American-born son of the immigrant, who joins a gang; he does so for various reasons, one of which is that he looks upon his parents with contempt as "greenhorns," and early passes out of their control. Should the law prove effective, however, what would be the result? The immigrant gangster or bootlegger might abandon his occupation in fear of deportation, but in that case these occupations, which are built upon economic demand, would not disappear. They would be taken up in greater degree than at present by Americans, citizens and voters. Is that, we wonder, what Congress wants?

IN its last session both Houses of Congress, after years of investigation and discussion, passed an admirable bill providing for governmental operation of Muscle Shoals. President Coolidge, on account of dogmatic opposition to public operation, failed to sign it, thus exercising the cowardly "pocket veto." The legality of the pocket veto is being tested before the Supreme Court. The subject of Muscle Shoals has not been debated in this session. Yet the Military Affairs Committee of the House, meeting without its chairman, last week rushed through a report favoring the previously discredited bid of the American Cyanamid Company for the lease of the property. Unless this is merely an absurd gesture, it represents an attempt to push through the proposal of this private interest during the final hours of the present Congress by some subterfuge which will avoid consideration and public discussion. A result of this kind, in spite of the matured judgment of Congress, would be a disgraceful raid on public property, and a snap decision of a most important question of policy. Those private interests seeking the use of public power

resources for their own profit seem to be indefatigable in their exercise of political chicanery.

THE American Artist's Professional League, including fifteen hundred members and many famous names, are petitioning Congress to make life softer for them. They are asking the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives

to place a duty on the importation into the United States of all works of art executed by foreign artists since 1900—and hereafter within thirty years prior to importation—this duty to be such as would equalize the difference in living costs and costs of materials here and abroad, and so protect the artists of America from the unfair competition that now exists. . . .

The A. A. P. L., to be sure, unbends sufficiently to suggest that all works of art required by museums be exempted, that loan exhibitions be, of course, also exempted, and that works of art of foreign origin enter and remain here free of duty until sold—when the duty, the amount of which the A. A. P. L. leaves to the discretion of Congress, is to be exacted. Comment on a plan which would so irretrievably damage the reputation of American artists before the rest of the world seems almost superfluous. We may, however, remark that it is inconceivable that the A. A. P. L.'s gesture commands the assent of a majority of American artists. The chief objection is, of course, intangible: art lives only by means of the freest possible international intercourse. The artist who seeks to penalize the work of a fellow artist because he pays less rent for his studio is no longer an artist. There are other objections to thus protecting an "infant industry" which needs no protection and is neither an infant nor an industry: if living costs are less in Europe, why not also penalize the American artist who does his work in Europe? Why not extend this principle of the equalization fee so that American artists who remain in Sioux Falls can compete on equal terms with American artists who live and work on the Riviera? Why not be thoroughly logical, and force the artist of Sioux Falls (where rents are low) to pay duty on all pictures sold in unfair competition with the artists of New York (where rents are high)? The whole thing can be seen in its proper light if we imagine that the novelists of America are demanding a protective duty on foreign fiction because foreign novelists wear fewer shirts and pay less to have them washed.

NEARLY twenty-seven thousand persons are killed every year in the United States by automobiles. No doubt a certain proportion of these deaths is inevitable; but no one knows how large it is, and how many others are due to remediable causes. We do know, however, that there are thirty-seven states in which one out of every five deaths caused by motor cars could be avoided. In only eleven states are drivers required both to be licensed and to take a preliminary examination. In most of the others, anyone who chooses, provided he is old enough,

may get into an automobile and drive it. He may have defective vision, or be partially crippled, or mentally deficient, but he is nevertheless permitted to go out on the highways endangering his own life and that of everyone else whom he meets or passes. The National Safety Council has made a careful survey of the record in the eleven states which now examine and license drivers, comparing the fatalities before and after this system was adopted. Discounting all special factors which might affect the result one way or the other, its investigators found in each of these states a decline in the number of fatal accidents after the new regulations went into effect, which averaged out at 20 percent. These eleven states are Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and California. If you live in any other commonwealth, remember when you read in your local newspaper of fatal accidents that one in five is needless, and that the state legislature is at fault. Other steps than careful licensing are capable of reducing accidents further—such things as well placed traffic lights, elimination of grade crossings, improvement of highways. But we do not allow crippled or deficient men to drive locomotives, even though railroads are equipped with every possible safety device.

## War Embargoes—Planned or Involuntary

THE INTRODUCTION of Senator Capper's and Representative Porter's resolutions for the use of embargoes on the export of munitions as a preventive of hostilities revives an old theme, much discussed during the War, and later, when the League of Nations was a more lively issue in the United States than it is now. How little many of our public men who have commented upon these resolutions have learned from the progress of international affairs in recent years may be seen from their statements, and especially how little they understand the implications of the Pact of Paris, if it is a document with any sincerity.

One line of comment deals with the effectiveness of the embargo. If it is applied by a single nation like the United States, the belligerent may get arms from other sources. Against an economically strong and self-sufficient nation, it will be much less effective than against a weak one, or one more dependent upon imports. If it is effective against the belligerent, it will cause almost as much damage to the economic life of the nation which applies it. The conclusion of these reflections seems to be that it is not a good instrument to use.

Another approach condemns the embargo as a measure which is likely to compromise the neutrality of the nation which employs it. If, as the Capper resolution proposes, an embargo is declared against one belligerent, but not against its opponent

(being used as a weapon against any nation which violates the Pact of Paris by engaging in an aggressive war), it would, according to Secretary Kellogg, be an "un-neutral" act. As such, Senator Borah points out, it would invite reprisal and might easily lead to hostilities. If it were applied, as the Porter resolution contemplates, against both parties to a threatened conflict, it might not constitute a technical violation of neutrality, but it would be un-neutral in effect, since one of the parties would probably suffer more from the embargo than the other. The one which would suffer more would be the weaker and more exposed.

Still a third series of puzzles is presented by commentators who want to know why anyone should be given the power to decide when another nation has engaged in aggressive war. How could such a delicate issue be wisely settled? Every nation calls all its own wars defensive, if not of its territory, then of some vital right or interest. Every nation, to be sure, is put on its honor by the Pact of Paris not to employ war for anything except defense. But then, every nation, it is said, is its own judge of what it must defend. Those who raise these questions seem to be chiefly afraid that some other nation would assume the right to judge the character of future warfare engaged in by the United States.

The queer thing about all these brands of speculation is that they seem to take place in a world of pure reason, where there was no such incident as the war which occurred from 1914 to 1918, where there is no such thing as the British navy, and where the League of Nations, the Locarno Treaties, and even the Pact of Paris itself do not exist. They assume an isolated United States, remaining firmly neutral, impartial and aloof, unless in its own ineffable wisdom it chooses to go to war, in which case its act can justly cause no hostility against it on the part of others.

Mexico and Canada are the only nations in the world to which the United States could export munitions without traversing the sea. In these cases we may be, in theory, perfectly free to decide whether to export munitions without consulting other nations. But all our ocean-borne commerce is capable of being interrupted, or at least severely harassed, by the fleets of other powers. We discovered this in the unsuccessful attempt to maintain our neutrality between 1914 and 1917. The British stopped and searched merchant ships; the Germans sank them. There was no practically effective protest in either case except to go to war with the offending power. We chose to go to war with Germany instead of with Great Britain. There was a large complex of reasons for this, but the fact remains that, in our effort to remain technically neutral, we aided, willy-nilly, the nation that came nearest to controlling the sea. Our navy was of no use to us in preventing this situation, until we actually engaged in hostilities, and even then it was of use only in weighting the balance of sea power. Before we went to war we declared no embargo,

but something like an embargo was declared for us.

In any future war, the most important channels of international trade, and especially of the foreign trade of the United States, will be at the mercy of sea power. Sea power will certainly be used, if nations of any consequence are involved. The practical question is, How shall it be used? Beside this question, the discussion as to whether we ought or ought not to declare an embargo is academic. So is the question as to whether the President or someone else ought to decide when and against whom an embargo ought to be declared.

The effort to organize the world against war has taken a fairly well defined course. In the League of Nations Covenant, in the Locarno Treaties, and finally in the Pact of Paris, the signatories have undertaken to limit their employment of war. In some cases they have agreed not to engage in "aggression," in the last, not to employ war as "an instrument of national policy." These declarations have a somewhat more precise meaning than is ordinarily understood. They mean that, before engaging in hostilities, the nations concerned will submit to a highly varied series of processes for arriving at a peaceful settlement of their disputes. These include mediation, conciliation, and arbitration in numerous forms. A nation which went to war without living up to its treaty engagements to employ these means would necessarily be judged an "aggressor." There could be little difference of opinion about it. We do not have to rely wholly upon metaphysical judgments of what is "defense" or what a nation thinks it proper for itself to do.

There are, in the main, just two practical choices before us in any future war involving major powers. One is to allow the decision as to whether we should trade with any belligerent to be decided for us by dominant sea power; the other is to join with other nations in a plan to permit policing of the seas in the interest of international order. If we do not like either alternative; if we maintain our technical isolation and prepare to challenge the use of sea power against our neutral "right to trade," we either shall not make our protest effective, or we shall engage in war against dominant sea power. Beside this danger, the danger to our neutrality which might arise from the declaration of an embargo against an aggressor is trifling. Technical neutrality in a future world war is just conceivable, though an active effort to maintain it would lead straight towards war for us; actual impartiality in the help given to belligerents by our trade is totally inconceivable.

The principal gain to be achieved by discussion of the Capper and Porter resolutions is thus in bringing to the surface the new realities of international relations. If it leads us to the conclusion that no amount of naval preparation can protect old-fashioned "freedom of the seas," or can keep us from being embroiled in future war, it will have been supremely useful. We may not conclude that we must in advance declare our intention to apply

embargoes against disturbers of the peace. We may see that it is dangerous and unnecessary for the United States to decide for itself, and all other nations to decide for themselves, what nations, if any, are aggressors. But if we can go as far as to declare that we shall not assert the right to trade with an internationally declared aggressor, and if we can help to maintain the international machinery to prevent and define aggression, we shall have made a long step toward the cessation of competitive naval building. This would in itself remove one of the chief present irritants to peace.

The main task, however, is not to define what we should do in a future war—except in so far as that may be necessary to encourage disarmament—but to join in efforts to prevent war situations from arising. Continuous international consultation on every subject of importance, avoidance of provocation on our own part, checks on the mischievous practices of economic nationalism—these things are of vastly more importance than plans for future wars. Embargoes or no embargoes, we shall scarcely be able to avoid participation in a future world war, if there should ever be one.

## The Outlook for China

**P**ROBABLY not since the tempestuous days of the French Revolution has the world seen a more significant period in history than the past ten years. Although vast changes have taken place in Europe, the real significance of this decade is to be found in the transformations of the borderland areas and the "backward" peoples. In Russia, Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Afghanistan, and China, history is being made today; but we are too near-sighted to realize its importance. These countries all have the local job of reshaping old traditions and historic institutions to fit the ways and ideas of the industrial world. But they also have to cast off the financial and judicial hold of the foreigner, which was originally established when the local governments were weak or indifferent.

During the past year, the Nationalist government of China has made a striking advance in solving its domestic and foreign problems. Before the capture of Peking, last June, it was generally believed that, once this goal had been achieved, the military generals would begin fighting among themselves. Fortunately, this dour prophecy has not been realized. The unification of China, inspired by the ardent nationalism of the Kuomintang, has so far proved real. The second local job of great importance was the promulgation of a new constitution by the Nanking government last November. Based on the "Five-Power Constitution" of Sun Yat-sen, the new document provides for executives, legislative, and judicial *yuan*, or departments, and in addition a control *yuan*, which is vested with the power to impeach officials and audit government accounts, and an examination *yuan*, which is to

supervise the selection of officials. No provision is made in this constitution for popular election: each *yuan* is responsible eventually to the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang. The Nanking government, whose features thus resemble Sovietism, is under the rigid control of the Kuomintang, just as the Russian soviet is ruled by the Communist party.

The most critical task confronting any new government is how to pay its bills. And when this government is forced to consolidate its position by fighting a revolutionary war, the bills run into dizzying figures. Until recently there have been 1,600,000 men under arms in China, and their salaries, if paid, would take \$380,000,000 out of the annual revenue of \$450,000,000. If China is not to go bankrupt, it must cut down its armies, and take the collection of revenue out of the hands of irresponsible *tuchuns*. The Nanking government, of late, has been receiving regular revenue from only four of the twenty-two provinces.

Six weeks ago, an important conference of the Chinese war lords was held at Nanking to discuss this question. Confronted by a pointed memorandum prepared by the Finance Minister, T. V. Soong, the generals agreed to reduce the size of the Chinese army to about 750,000 men and to transfer the collection or disbursement of revenue to the central government. If these self-denying resolutions are carried out, the Nationalist government will have laid the corner-stone of the vast reconstruction program bequeathed to the Kuomintang by their leader, Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

To finance the march on Peking and pay its running expenses, the Nanking government has already been driven to borrow \$175,000,000 on the domestic market. Except for certain military treasury bonds, the management of these loans is placed in the hands of sinking-fund committees, created by, but independent of, the government. These committees have applied the receipts of pledged revenues to the service of the loans, with the result that the bonds have actually appreciated in value. But if the Nanking government is to consolidate its position, construct public works, liquidate the obligation of the old regime, and reorganize its currency, it must have financial aid from abroad. The first step in this direction is the appointment of the Kemmerer commission.

Even more spectacular progress has been made in getting rid of the "unequal treaties." A year ago there were few signs that during the next twelve months the foreign powers would grant China the right to fix its own tariff. But by January 1, 1929, all of the leading powers had done so, and in February, a Chinese tariff schedule came into force. Dr. C. T. Wang, the Foreign Minister, has already induced Belgium, Denmark, Italy and Portugal to renounce extra-territoriality, or the right to try their subjects when living on Chinese soil. And he is now negotiating for the surrender of foreign settlements, concessions and leaseholds; the withdrawal

of legation guards and troops; and a new agreement on matters of inland and coastwise navigation.

For a time after signing the open-door treaty, at the Washington Conference, the leading powers maintained a united front towards China. But the front was soon broken by France which, in a shameless bargain, declined to ratify the Washington treaty until China had made a settlement of the Gold France case. This treaty did not, therefore, go into effect until the fall of 1925. Within recent months, the leading foreign powers, instead of coöperating, have been competing with each other to gain the good graces of the Chinese government. Last July the United States took the lead in signing a treaty that granted China tariff autonomy. But the State Department was not bold enough to give *de jure* recognition to the Nanking government at that time. Any glory that we gained by this treaty was snatched away by the formal recognition of Nanking—in the form of a salute of twenty-one guns—given by Great Britain in December.

Japan has been more grudging than any of the western countries in its concessions to the Nanking regime, and perhaps, naturally so, since Japan has more at stake in China than any other foreign power. Because of Baron Tanaka's hesitancy, the Nationalist authorities have succeeded in isolating Japan diplomatically, and in stirring up feeling throughout China which has been politically helpful to the Kuomintang and damaging to Japanese trade. Although Japan has finally accepted the Chinese tariff schedule, there are about three hundred outstanding issues between the two countries, which must be settled sooner or later if there is to be peace in the Orient.

Some of the Japanese demands are highly questionable. There is no reason, for example, why the Nanking government should be asked to repay the ill-famed Nishihara loans, which were made to Peking in 1919 by the Japanese government banks for political purposes. In other demands, Japan is entitled to some sympathy. Thus, before signing a new commercial treaty, the Japanese government has asked China to agree to certain maximum duties, so as not to prohibit the entrance of Japanese manufactures into China. If the people of Japan are not to starve, they must import their food and pay for it with manufactures. But if the Nationalist government should some day impose prohibitive duties, in imitation of certain western powers, Japan's natural market would be closed. Although the present Chinese tariff schedule is satisfactory to Japan, the Tanaka government wishes some conventional guarantees that it will not be increased.

The problem of Manchuria is equally important. Japan has allowed the Nanking flag to be hoisted over the Three Eastern Provinces, but so far the control of the Nanking authorities is only nominal; the Japanese still seem able to "influence" the administration of General Chang Hsueh-liang. Will the Nationalists insist on centralizing this adminis-

tration? And what will they ask in regard to the retrocession of the Port Arthur lease, or the right to repurchase the South Manchuria Railway? Because of their vast investments in Manchuria, and of its importance to Japanese trade, the Japanese seemed determined to defend their interests here at the point of the sword.

War over this issue may be averted if the Japanese, who are at present keeping to their rights within the railway zone, place no obstacles in the way of the administration and economic development of Manchuria as a whole by a unified Chinese government. In 2002 the railway lease expires, and Japan must then withdraw. Undoubtedly a stable government will arise in China long before that time; and when this takes place, Japan can surrender her leases with the assurance that her economic interests in Manchuria will remain unimpaired. The question of when to withdraw is the difficult point; and it is here that the Chinese government may involve the conciliatory machinery of the League of Nations. Only when Japan surrenders its political rights in Manchuria will this Alsace-Lorraine of the Orient cease to be a cause of international friction.

As for the United States, we cannot stand upon our past record, creditable though that record may be. We took the lead in recognizing the tariff autonomy of China. Will we also take the lead in withdrawing our consular courts? The Russians, Germans and Austrians have lived in China during the past eight or ten years without the protection of such courts, and under Chinese law. The foreign powers have recently surrendered their extra-territorial jurisdiction in Siam, Turkey and Persia. The Nationalists in Nanking are familiar with these precedents and realize that no state can be really sovereign and independent until all foreign tribunals are withdrawn from its soil. If the United States wishes to retain the good will of the Chinese people, which is eventually reflected in trade, it will be generous in its attitude toward this question.

## The Yale Institute of Human Relations

YALE UNIVERSITY'S announcement of the establishment of an Institute of Human Relations evokes reflections on at least three levels. There is, first of all, the implication of a changed understanding of the nature of the modern social problem. Secondly, there is implied a certain maturity of those sciences and disciplines which deal with human and social situations. And, in the third place, there is involved a clear conception of the necessity of viewing these various sciences and disciplines, not merely as specializations but also as essentially interrelated studies.

In the nineteenth century, wherever higher edu-

cation was conceived as having some responsibility toward the social problem, the assumption was that the educated could and somehow ought to change the social order. The relation between British universities and workers' education evolved from this predication. The so-called "Wisconsin Idea" likewise had its roots in the soil of social and economic reform. This conception of the university as the place where intellectual power for fundamental social change should be generated is, obviously, disappearing. The universities, in America at least, are not now expected to be centers of social and economic agitation. This does not mean that learning has renounced its concern for human welfare, but it does indicate that a distinct shift in emphasis has arrived. Yale University's announcement of the availability of a fund aggregating seven and one-half millions of dollars to be expended on an institute for human relations marks this trend and is therefore extremely significant.

The social problem for modern times is no longer conceived in social terms. More than one-fourth of the total endowment for the new institute is to be devoted to studies in psychiatry and the care of patients, obviously patients needing mental or emotional adjustment. Another large portion of the fund is to be devoted to research in the social sciences and psychology. The public announcement does not make clear what conception of "social science" is implied, but from the tenor of the report it appears clear that the individual emphasis, that is, the individual as a part of groups, is dominant. The total affirmative meaning of this announcement is that the social problem for our time is to be discovered, not in society but in individuals. The term "human relations" as used in this connection seems to connote adjustment of individuals to an existent social order. How far this statement represents an accurate interpretation of Yale University's conception and intention must, of course, be left to further and more definite developments.

Whether or not Yale presumes that the social sciences have arrived at a place of maturity must also be left largely to conjecture. Some such assurance must, however, be present to warrant the expenditure of so large a sum on the proposed institute. Perhaps the press announcements over-emphasized the "human relations" aspect of the venture. President Angell's quoted comments on the institute seem to involve much more of research than of application. If this is the case, the institute may have been publicly betrayed by its title. Certainly, an attempt to deal in thorough-going fashion with the major problems of human relations of contemporary life implies the existence of a tested body of knowledge which the social sciences have not thus far claimed. The rapid strides of psychiatry in the fields of the law and social work during the past two decades probably represent the basis of the forthcoming institute's hope. Indeed, the report seems to indicate that the institute may devote its

chief energies to the application of the social sciences (or what is called "social science" in this announcement) to law, medicine and social work.

By far the most important aspiration of the new institute is, however, its avowed purpose to correlate the various sciences with respect to specific problems of human welfare. When President Angell says: "It [the institute] is designed to permit progress which cannot well be made as long as sharp lines divide various branches of science from one another in educational institutions," he articulates the central pedagogical problem of our time. It is, moreover, the most pressing problem confronting the rapidly multiplying specialists who are engaged in social practice. But it is a problem which cannot be solved by verbal agreement; the country has many "councils" and coordinating bodies, but they leave the disrelated functions of experts precisely where they were—if they do not, indeed, exaggerate them. What is obviously needed is a demonstration in real as distinguished from verbal integration. In terms of this new venture at Yale, for example, it may easily happen that the net result will be the enlargement of the university's staff with, of course, some researches and improved techniques developed for doctors, nurses, social workers, and lawyers. On the other hand, it may very well happen that this institute will become the center of demonstration for realistic correlation between given sets of sciences and their resultant professions. Nothing in the language of the published announcement warrants undue optimism. The report raises many queries and misgivings, not the least of which is the impact of the two large foundations which are furnishing the funds; but it also releases hopes. There is, for example, reason for rejoicing when any of the older and more conservative universities experiments with its curriculum and its teaching-methods; and there is an especial reason for cheer when a university such as Yale, which has not recently been noted for its work in the more modern social sciences, steps forth boldly with the intention of making contributions to improved human relations.

## THE NEW REPUBLIC

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# Hoover's Task at Home

**F**EW Presidents have begun their administrations under more apparently favorable auspices than does Herbert Hoover. He is supported by one of the largest popular majorities that ever elected a chief executive, a majority drawn from all sections of the country. No one interest or faction can claim him as its own. His party safely controls both houses of Congress; those defections which he may suffer from Republican progressives will be overbalanced by support from Democratic conservatives. His personal prestige is enormous; he is supposed to be one of the ablest and one of the best intentioned men of his time. He can command the aid of wealth and power and the counsel of brains. With this equipment, he moves upon a job which does not look arduous. A people which seems to have few ambitions beyond being the richest in the world is the richest in the world. Wanting prosperity above all things, it is, mainly, in the full flight of prosperity. That is the principal reason why it voted so overwhelmingly for Mr. Hoover; he has but to continue the present tendency toward increasing wealth, or merely to prevent it from being reversed, in order to retain popular approval.

Mr. Coolidge's administration did not start under nearly so favorable auspices—on the surface. Harding's majority had, like Hoover's, been overwhelming; but he had assumed office near the bottom of the most profound industrial depression of our generation. Though by the time of his death a spirited recovery had taken place, uncertainty was still in the air. The progressive minority was vigorous and growing. The scandals of the "Ohio Gang" were fresh. Mr. Coolidge was unknown and untried; he was generally thought to be of minor stature. No one knew what might happen.

Beneath the surface, however, there are other things to see. Economics and politics are far from being exact sciences; the sign of that is, that they do not enable us to make confident predictions, as does the astronomer when he tells us that an eclipse will occur, say, in 2032. But they do somewhat enlarge our hindsight, and they give us hints as to future possibilities. It now appears that anyone of Coolidge's temperament in his position might have had equal success. He preached economy and tax reduction; both were easy to achieve, because the necessarily falling curve of governmental expenditures, attendant upon the liquidation of war agencies and the redemption of war debts, crossed the upward surge of production and trade which normally accompanies the revival stage of the business cycle. The revival was stimulated in this instance by the rapid accession of better industrial techniques, by the rising tide of gold which flowed to this country

with the post-war readjustments of international finance, making credit easy, and by the war lag in building construction, which gave that great industry enough to do for years. The flood of prosperity carried almost everything before it; Mr. Coolidge needed but to sit in his canoe and float, in order to earn the credit for the movement of the waters. It dwarfed the protests of the dissatisfied; it emphasized the community of economic interests and temporarily submerged the conflicts. Though the rich and the powerful had their way about almost everything, few voiced strong objections, because the rich and the powerful seemed to drag most of the others along with them toward material enjoyment.

The chief danger to Mr. Hoover is that the flood waters will recede. Ever since the business economy arose, depression has always followed prosperity, in every industrial country. No one can predict the date of a recession; the period of the business cycle is not fixed and regular. We know, however, that in this country it has for a long time averaged about three years and a half. If we agree to call 1924 a year of depression (though a relatively mild one), and if we make the reasonable assumption that the slackening of production in the latter part of 1927 was a minor set-back rather than the end of a cyclical period, we are already past the average length of the cycle between slump and slump. If the upward tendency of production and trade should continue for another four years without substantial interruption, it would constitute the longest term of prosperity in the nation's recent history. It may, of course, do so. The business cycle may be so far subdued that we shall never have another severe depression. Or extraordinary luck may be with us. The prudent must admit, however, that on general grounds the chances are against either eventuality. The fact that so many people have become supremely confident that there is no danger on the horizon is itself, to the historically informed, one of the main signs of warning.

If basic economic tendencies were better understood by people in general, Mr. Coolidge would not have received the credit for prosperity, and, by the same token, Mr. Hoover would not be blamed for a depression. Even so, the maladjustments which have existed all along would appear more important. Conflicts of interest would be sharpened. People would begin to ask more insistently why nothing had been done about coal, why the tariff had not rescued cotton textiles, why no systematic preparation had been made for unemployment while there was yet time, why the farmers' long struggle for economic parity with industry had brought so little result, why the public-utility monopolies had

been allowed to get away with murder, why so drastic an inequality in the distribution of income had been allowed to persist, why the powerful conservatives had so consistently had their way. But, in addition to these complaints, a depression would bring down upon Mr. Hoover's head a special nemesis. The Republican party, for many years, and never more so than under Mr. Coolidge, has claimed and has received popular credit for being the special guardian of prosperity. The few things it has done, combined with its deliberate inaction in many other directions, are thought to be the very fount of material welfare. Now there accedes to office a man who, according to his reputation, is supremely fitted to deal with our economic life. If Mr. Coolidge has done well, Mr. Hoover ought to do twice as well. This expert, this engineer, this statistician, will fall from a very high pedestal indeed if Coolidge prosperity does not continue. If he does something, the trouble will be blamed upon what he does. Ironically, the very measures he may undertake which are best calculated to avert or mitigate a depression would be blamed for the depression. Nor can he sit back and let his opposition be the scapegoat, for he has no opposition powerful enough to be blamed for anything. Mr. Hoover's apparent security at the beginning of his administration is his greatest peril. The auspices are too favorable.

Let us look a little more closely at some of the particular dangers which face him.

At this moment, everyone's eyes are upon the stock market. It is the apotheosis of confident America on the make. A whole nation is speculating in a sense in which a nation never speculated before. Geographically, the brokers' wires hum from coast to coast; socially, they vibrate from millionaire operator to elevator boy and bootblack. What is it that has made brokers' loans keep on expanding in spite of the fact that people must pay more interest for their borrowings than the dividends on the shares purchased yield them, in spite of the fact that they could get a larger income from investment in gilt-edged bonds? Why have people come back into the market again and again after every reaction? Why have stocks kept on rising in spite of the bearish warnings of economic experts, of Federal Reserve authorities? It is because the citizens have been "sold" on Republican prosperity. They cannot believe that anything can be basically wrong. Statement after statement from Mr. Coolidge, from Mr. Mellon, from Mr. Hoover himself, has taught them to expect that production, sales and profits will grow and grow as they have been growing ever since 1922. Is not Mr. Hoover even a greater man than Mr. Coolidge? Was he not elected by a huge vote? What, then, is there to fear?

When gold first began to be superabundant in our bank reserves, there was a wholesome fear of business inflation, which might repeat the experience

of 1919-1920, with its rising commodity prices and overstocked inventories. The banking authorities took precautions against undue expansion of credit for commercial purposes. But prices showed no tendency to rise, except for a brief period in 1923; inventories remained small, and the fear subsided. Interest rates were kept low, on the average, particularly when it was advisable to help the Bank of England retain its gold reserve after Great Britain's daringly early resumption of the gold standard in payments abroad. Easy credit flowed to vast building operations, to instalment payments, to security issues both foreign and domestic. All this encouraged both production and consumption, and it increased profits. It also led to borrowing, while rates were low, by business concerns which were not yet ready to use the money. The profits were partly paid out in larger cash dividends and partly laid away in surplus accounts which enabled stock dividends. Shares naturally rose, and the amounts of credit used to finance their purchase rose also. When the banks began to take measures to restrict loans for this purpose, they discovered that a large part of the available credit had passed into the hands of business concerns. This, together with surplus cash reserves, flowed increasingly to the speculators, as the banks' restrictions, combined with the speculative fever, raised the call rate. Inflation, which had not occurred in commodity speculation, turned up in stock-market speculation.

In spite of the fact that profits from Wall Street have had an important share in maintaining the purchasing power back of prosperous industry, Mr. Hoover will be lucky if a Wall Street crash brings stock prices down and keeps them down far enough. Otherwise, stock inflation may absorb enough of our credit to make things hard for many lines of production and trade. Building construction, the financing of instalment payments, and foreign loans which sustain our exports, cannot all be hampered without undermining the bases of good times. Even the discontent of the losing speculators would serve to reintroduce a wholesome element of prudence into the national mind. Coolidge prosperity, through the very fervor of conviction which has given it force, may boomerang.

Building construction is already falling off. Indeed, there is a possibility that, even if credit to the speculative builders becomes as easy as before, the long-predicted slump will occur. It was many months ago that responsible loaning concerns issued warnings against the prevalent overbuilding of all except inexpensive residences, and talked of growing vacancies and falling rents. Like the economists who predicted the end of the bull market too soon, they were not heeded. But the chance remains that they may have been fundamentally right, that booming construction has recently depended on inflationary credit and not on basic demand, and that instead of enduring a short and unimportant check, as it might have done if it had stopped in time, it will have a long and severe reaction.

Building is the largest single productive industry in the country, if we except agriculture and the railroads. Its depression would injure millions directly, it would also reduce the demand for steel, lumber, cement, bricks, hardware, plumbing and heating supplies, electrical equipment, furniture, rugs, refrigerators, cooking utensils, trucks, railroad freight traffic, etc., besides affecting the industries which make the articles of consumption bought by those engaged in it. If this happens, we shall see that the real fault lay in the uncontrolled over-confidence of Coolidge prosperity.

And then there is the tariff. Since we have been taught to believe that a high tariff has made us prosperous, there is no reason for us to suppose that a higher tariff would not make us more prosperous. That supposition was encouraged during the campaign. Mr. Hoover was at pains to point out that our exports had increased since the passage of the Payne-Aldrich Bill, in spite of the predictions of the tariff theorists. He did not explain that the real reason lay largely in our great foreign loans, and that, in so far as the tariff was effective, it had hindered foreign trade. But he must know that, and he must know also the disturbing and inflationary influence upon business that a general tariff boost would have. Can he control the genie that he liberated from the campaign bottle? If he prevents general revision, and business goes flat, it will be said that his action is at fault. If he allows it, he will help business, in general, to go flat.

One of the puzzles the economic statisticians have faced in recent years is, where the popular purchasing power to supply the market for generally used commodities has come from. Real wages in manufacturing, railroads and mining had increased rapidly before 1923; since then they have been almost stationary, on the average—with some gains and some important losses. Employment in all these lines has had a shrinking tendency. There appears to have been little gain in the aggregate net income of farmers. The answer must be partly in growing employment and rising wages in building construction, garages, radio services and other new occupations not covered by the existing statistics. It may also lie partly in expansion of instalment credit. But suppose building slacks up, instalment credit fails to grow as before, and there are fewer new purchasers and users of automobiles, radios, and so on? Where will be the purchasers' stimulus for industrial growth?

The automobile manufacturers are planning to make 5,000,000 cars this year—more than they have ever made. The rapid up-swing of the curve of automobile production in past years helped other business immensely, but the curve started to flatten in 1926. The next year saw a decrease; 1928 a small increase. Where are the extra buyers? We may be permitted to doubt whether many of them can be found in the United States. Exports is the main part of the answer. But tariffs do not help exports.

There is no more juice to be squeezed out of national budgets for income-tax payers. We are already far too close to a deficit. Mr. Hoover cannot repeat the Coolidge formula of "economy." Nor, unless prosperity keeps on growing at the recent speed, can he make reductions in tax rates, reap an increase in yield on account of the gain in national income, and then repeat the Mellon formula that tax reduction for large incomes is responsible for prosperity. Normal expenses of the government grow continually. The cruiser-building program is costly. Prohibition enforcement, if possible, would be very costly. Hoover activity, as opposed to Coolidge inaction, would be costly. No President for the next four years would be able to bluff his way into a reputation for genius in national finances.

But there may be salvage in this situation for which, if Mr. Hoover can bring it off, he will be entitled to real credit. He may save money by governmental reorganization, and find congressional support for it due to the fear of having to raise taxes again. He may likewise push Congress into a naval disarmament program. And he may in some way avoid the moral necessity of enforcing prohibition. To mention prohibition is, of course, to mention one of his greatest embarrassments.

I have deliberately avoided more than passing comment upon the problems which it would be natural to say face Mr. Hoover. What can he do, or will he do, about agriculture, coal mining, unemployment, the recognition of unions, the injunction abuse, public-utility control? These are interesting questions, but I am diffident about suggesting that they are yet problems, so far as he is concerned. They faced not only Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge, but Mr. Hoover, throughout both administrations. All three men accomplished next to nothing with them, and all got by magnificently. These are of the sort of problem no President will tackle unless he has to, or unless he has deep convictions about it. Mr. Hoover certainly will not have to do anything real about them if he can only keep "prosperity" rolling. Coolidge prosperity furnishes his problem. If it goes back on him, he will need all the ability he has. It is barely possible, in such a case, that imaginations may turn enough to the darker spots in the national scene, and intelligences may be spurred enough by adversity, and enough voters may educate themselves in these matters, so that progress can be made. It might even occur to groups large enough to be listened to, that the effort to control our economic institutions for the general good has a value of its own, superior to the value of the easy gains made in a period of blind trust that nothing could be better.

Perhaps all this could be done without a depression. That would be supremely desirable. If Mr. Hoover not only enjoys prosperity but brings the backward columns into line, he will deserve all the credit anyone can give him.

GEORGE SOULE.

# The Vatican's New Friends

**Q**UIETLY and decisively, the Catholic Church is revising its circle of friends. As the daily press has lately told us in such great detail, the long quarrel with Italy has been brought to a close—if the new agreement is ratified, which is sure to be the case. Another new friend is the Republican government of Germany. Against these must be balanced a new enemy, and one which will come as a surprise to those who do not follow church politics—the royalists of France.

These royalists feel that they have been betrayed by a friend, and are loud in their indignation. Léon Daudet and Charles Maurras write in *L'Action Française* that the Holy See has now aligned itself "with the worst pacifist and democratic elements in Europe, and directly violated the policy laid down for it in the 'Syllabus Errorum' of Pius the Ninth." The "Syllabus" is the document of which it has been said that "all the favorite beliefs of the modern world, the rights of democracies, the sanctity of free speech, the principles of toleration, were categorically denounced and their supporters abandoned to divine wrath."

How has the Vatican merited this anger from the royalists? Amply, it appears, by visiting a blanket excommunication on all the readers of their organ, *L'Action Française*, denying them Catholic communion, marriage, and burial unless they abjure all sympathy with the paper and sign a petition of submission. These penalties, approved by the Pope and promulgated by the Cardinal Archbishop of France, came as the climax of a progressive estrangement. In December, 1926, the monarchist organ was placed on the prohibited index, along with five books by Charles Maurras.

The *piquanterie* of the situation appeals to the French imagination. Did not one of these very books promise, as the author's first act, if he should come into power, the repealing of the anti-Church laws of the French Republic? Had the monarchists not fought for the Church in opposing the Association Laws of the Waldeck-Rousseau "atheist ministry" and the Laws of Separation of the Ribot Cabinet? Had they not used as their strongest rallying-cry the wrongs done to the Church? Were they not for many years almost the sole allies of the Vatican in France?

It is true that the policy of *ralliement* was begun under Leo XIII as an indirect answer to Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*; but the results of the new orientation were undone during the reign of his two successors. The rift with the royalists began in earnest during the War. *L'Action Française* was extremist to the uttermost degree; it wanted Germany crushed, the country occupied, and the heaviest indemnities ex-

acted. It must have been hard to outcream the rest of France in the chorus of vengeance, but this vociferous paper succeeded. Naturally it was distressed by the Pope's attempts at mediation, expressed through his encyclical "Inscrutabili Providentia" and otherwise.

After the War the Vatican became gradually more realistic and liberal. Policy probably accounts for part or all of the attitude toward France. The monarchists' hope is a lost cause. The Republic is firmly established and is growing friendlier to the Church. It has reestablished the French Embassy at the Vatican, and is expected—at least by the Catholic journal *Aux Ecoutés*—to permit a number of orders to return to their convents, schools, and colleges. The religious controversy caused the premature death of the *union nationale*. The Radicals could not countenance participation in a government which was accused of opening the doors to the congregations.

No suspicion is too base to be fastened on the Vatican and on its Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, by the enraged royalists. "*La politique gasparienne*" has become a byword and term of contempt in the columns of their paper. From time to time they repeat the accusation that the Quai d'Orsay and the Vatican have made a deal whereby the former will support the claim of the Holy See to a sovereign seat in the League of Nations. In view of the reported agreement between the Vatican and Quirinal, perhaps this allegation is not so fantastic as at first blush it appeared. The royalists' charges of pacifism, at any rate, have some basis. Monsignor Luigi Maglioni, papal nuncio in Paris, has praised M. Briand on several occasions for his efforts toward peace, for which *L'Action Française* accused him of high treason.

The Catholics, on their side, have paralleled the royalist group, "Les Camelots du Roi," with a militant organization known as "Les Volontaires du Pape." The *volontaires* are expected to spread the word that *L'Action Française* has been excommunicated, and report the names of its readers so that the Church authorities may proceed to punish them. The controversy is carried on by both sides in grim and deadly earnest.

The War brought home to the Vatican the necessity for a pacifist policy, if it were to maintain its boasted supremacy as an international power. Consequently, beginning with the "Inscrutabili Providentia," it has not ceased to support a succession of plans looking towards conciliation and peace. Some of these have naturally taken the form of defending the defeated Central Powers. The Vatican thus opposed the occupation of the Ruhr and

the 'dismemberment of Upper Silesia, and has consistently favored the republican government in Germany.

There the Catholic Center party, while numerically not very strong, has from the beginning been the most ardent partisan of the Weimar Constitution, and has formed a part of every government since the Armistice. This party advocated the adoption of the Dawes Plan and the policy of the Locarno Conference. Under Matthias Erzberger, who was known to be closely connected with Rome, it became one of the most influential agencies of German democracy. Herr Marx, the next leader of the party, formed his government, in the beginning of 1927, with the assistance of Monsignor Pacelli, papal nuncio in Berlin.

In Germany, as in France, the ultra-reactionary monarchist party is now at odds with the Church. The Junker organ, *Der Lokalanzeiger*, commenting on last year's parliamentary elections, denounced "the foreign influence which sixteen months ago brought about the formation of a defeatist government, headed by the leader of the Catholic Center party and paving the way for the present unholy alliance of Communists and Socialists."

"Foreign influence" or not, the Catholic attitude has been in line with the majority policy throughout the Reich, except in Bavaria. There, since the abortive Communist revolution in 1919, the reactionary party has been strong, so strong at one time that Bavaria's secession from the German confederation seemed imminent. That she did not make a more serious attempt to secede was due to a considerable extent to the efforts of the Vatican through the papal nuncio. The files of various Centrist organs, especially *Germania*, corroborate this.

The new *rapprochement* between the Vatican and Mussolini comes at the end of a long period of watchful waiting on the part of the church authorities. During this time *L'Osservatore Romano*, its own organ, has been consistently outspoken in criticizing Fascist acts and pretensions, and has violently attacked the slogans, "Fascism above all," and "Il Duce is always right." The main clash, however, occurred in connection with the boy scout organizations.

All of present-day Italy is organized along military lines. Adult citizens are members of the Fascist Militia. Boys and girls belong to the "Avanguardie." Younger children are expected to join the Fascist "Balilla." Every Italian is thus supposed to be actively organized under the national government. But there is an obstacle to this 100 percent organization. The Church has its own groups—the "Catholic Action," a widespread society of young people, and its children's auxiliary, the "Pioneers."

The Fascists, great believers in exclusive political power, decided to eliminate these rival organizations. In certain parts of Italy officials forbade

their members to wear the uniform. The Vatican retaliated by putting the official catechism of the "Balilla" on the index. The "Balilla" then changed its name, to avoid excommunication, to the "National Institution for the Physical and Moral Education of the Young," challenging the Church with the word "moral." At the same time the threats to dissolve the Catholic scouts were renewed. Cardinal Gasparri was finally instructed to reorganize the boys' associations so that in towns of less than 20,000 they should join the "Balilla" and in larger places they should be called autonomous public bodies and forbear to wear the insignia. The government had won this battle, but not without some losses.

The Vatican then proceeded to criticize in emphatic terms the membership of girls in military organizations. "It is an outrage on civilization," said *L'Osservatore*, "that girls should carry arms. The training of young people to commit violence against their fellow men contradicts the most sacred tenets of Christianity, and is not desirable for their physical development."

How the whole situation will be affected by the new agreement, remains to be seen. Presumably both the Fascisti and the church authorities will make some concessions, in order to preserve the harmony appropriate to the new era of good will. There are those who feel that the larger part of these concessions will come from the Church, and that Mussolini has gained more than the Vatican from the bargain which has been struck. Mussolini's control of the Catholic citizens of Italy will undoubtedly be made much stronger. He will also have gained increased good will among the Catholics in other countries, including, of particular importance, those in the United States. As to the eventual balance of advantage which can be struck, however, time alone can tell.

The new liberal foreign policy of the Vatican has not been confined to European countries. In non-Christian countries of Asia and Africa, the Church is rapidly being democratized, and giving up the prerogatives of "white superiority" in advance of most Protestant missions, though these, too, are undergoing readjustment, as described by Stanley High in the *New Republic*. As long as eight years ago, the Catholic Church created the first black saints by canonizing the martyrs of Uganda, and two years ago added to their company an Abyssinian native priest, Alta Ghebra Michael.

A native East Indian was recently elevated to the bishopric—Monsignor Roche of Tuticorni, and the other day six Chinese priests were anointed bishops. White missionaries are being replaced by native priests as fast as possible in every country where proselytizing is going on. In China the native priests now number 1,172 as against 1,675 European missionaries, with instructions to promote the former gradually to higher ecclesiastical rank. New religious orders are being established,

modified to fit Asiatic psychology, with oriental contemplation as their chief pursuit.

On the sixth anniversary of the establishment of the Oriental Institute in Rome last autumn, Pope Pius XI issued an encyclical letter, "Rerum Orientalium," devoted to oriental questions, in which he expressed his gratification at the success of religious work in the East and at the large number of natives preparing themselves for missionary careers. The Pope then exhorted the bishops to pay more attention to oriental subjects in theological seminaries.

By sacrificing its traditional Italian supremacy in

this way, the Church has gained perceptibly in the Orient. It will be less likely to have its representatives expelled in time of war; it is becoming catholic in fact as well as in name.

On the whole, L'Action Française is probably right. *La politique gasparienne* is pacifist and democratic. The Church is modernizing its policies, sacrificing old alliances and forming new ones, reconstructing its circle of friends; exposing itself, in short, to divine wrath by utter defiance of the sacred "Syllabus Errorum."

EMIL LENGYEL.

## Politics in the Farm-Loan System

THE PHRASE "politic economy"—Professor Soddy's description of unscientific current attempts to regulate economics through politics—might have been coined to fit certain functions of our Farm Loan policy. Consider the extraordinary powers of the Land Bank system, which parcels out from one to two hundred million dollars a year in loans to farmers. The operation of these banks requires some two thousand persons, exclusive of Joint Stock Bank positions; the total number of employees has not been made public. Yet none of these two thousand places enjoys the protection of civil service. Certainly there is no other plum tree of patronage in our government that is so tempting, with the exception of post offices, and post offices lack the attraction of funds to distribute. By the Farm Loan Act, the President is empowered to put this system under the classified service. "The exception of the Federal Farm Loan Board from the rules of classified service is indefensible," says Mayers, an authority on the subject, in his book, "The Federal Service." "Nothing regarding the field forces offers any reason for modifying this characterization. Should an appointment to such a position as that of appraiser be made for political reasons, the appointee would be peculiarly subject to improper influence, a danger particularly to be guarded against in this service."

In his acceptance speech, Herbert Hoover said: "Our Civil Service has proved a great national boon. Appointive office, both North, South, East, and West, must be based solely on merit, character and reputation in the community in which the appointee is to serve." As President, will Mr. Hoover deny to farmers who own the stock of the Federal Land Banks, and to taxpayers, who paid in the Treasury funds used to capitalize the Intermediate Credit Banks, the benefit of this great national boon?

Nothing less than an executive order will protect the country from certain obvious abuses of political banking. Without the maintenance of the strictest standards of selection, based on competitive exami-

nations, lame ducks are sure to be consigned to any system, as a haven—witness the old Pensions Bureau. In no service are safeguards against this sort of thing more important than in this greatest of all our banking systems. Possible loans influenced by political considerations, and even waste merely due to incompetence, are hazardous alike for investors, stockholders and citizens. It should be remembered that obligations are outstanding to the extent of \$1,250,000,000, described by the Supreme Court as "government instrumentalities" and sold under that guarantee.

Yet, in some degree, nepotism has existed in the Land Bank machinery from the first. Members of the Farm Loan Board, of the District Land Banks' Boards, of the Senate, and even a President, have obtained jobs for relatives and friends who were not qualified by previous experience for the sort of work to which they were assigned. Patronage is now, to be sure, more circumspect than when President Harding put his cousin, a retired minister, into the Farm Loan Bureau as Reviewing Appraiser. Nor is it quite so crude as when Lobdell, former Farm Loan Commissioner, admitted that his two sons, a cousin, an old friend, his wife's former dressmaker, and the dressmaker's nephew were all on the pay-roll. In 1926, the Federal Board gravely passed resolutions discouraging nepotism in the twelve Land Banks, which employ some 800 persons. Some men were dropped, among them the cousin of a certain bank president. Certain others, not related to present officials, upon the circumstances of whose appointments time had laid a covering hand, were retained—among them, the treasurer of a great bank. The Fiscal Agency for the banks appears not to have been affected by these resolutions. Until the end of 1928, Lobdell headed that organization, with a salary of \$25,000 a year—which would not be possible under classified service. The approval of all his policies by the Federal Board was necessary. One of the young Lobdells was employed in this agency until the summer of 1928.

The Federal Board itself would also seem to have been an exception to the rule. It cannot claim a clean record while it remains true, as it does, that not even the best-qualified mortgage banker could get a job as president of a Federal Land Bank unless he is backed by senatorial influence. Examples of this sort of nepotism are not lacking. The son-in-law of one of Mr. Hoover's most important advisors is head of a great division of the Federal Bureau. His rise in the system has been amazingly rapid, and he now enjoys the same salary as the Secretary of the Treasury. He came to the system quite green. His ability to handle the political phases of his job is unquestioned, but certain stockholders feel very differently about his competence as a judge of risks. Again, the nephew of a member of Mr. Hoover's Cabinet has long been an examiner in the system. Removing him on the ground of alleged incompetence was considered, but the idea was abandoned on the ground that it would be "politically inexpedient."

Until two years ago, when the Treasury began to name examiners and other appointees to the Federal Bureau, these places had been considered senatorial patronage for both Republican and Democratic members of the upper house. The political appointees who served as examiners were either so few or in some cases so conspicuously incompetent that improvement in the situation was imperative. The Treasury has recently required examiners to pass tests, but the freedom of appointment is still sufficient to allow plenty of loop-holes for the unqualified person with the right sort of influence.

Appraisers are as important as examiners, and their incompetence has been terribly expensive. Eugene Meyer, testifying before a congressional committee, stated that the troubles of the system were by no means all attributable to the agricultural depression. "When the receiver of a bank says that a lot of loans were made in that bank as agricultural loans on lands that were agricultural lands—loans which never should have been made—that has nothing to do with agriculture," he said, and added: "It was enough of a factor to put one bank in receivership." He referred to the Spokane Bank, but he also said that "I do not think the Spokane territory has any more or greater problems than the Berkeley territory or other territories." There has also been acute trouble in Columbia and St. Paul.

Berkeley's troubles, while the least of the four mentioned, illustrate well the conflict between politics and sound banking. The Bank serves four states, California, Nevada, Arizona and Utah. In the last-named, several thousand loans "went bad." Foreclosures were made on farms worth, at the present conservative valuations, \$500,000. This amount represented two-thirds of the Berkeley bank's land holdings as of six months ago. This disgraceful record of bad appraisal was made despite the fact that several of the appraisers who passed the loans were from Utah. It is impossible

to avoid the question: How did such grossly incompetent appraisers get into the system? Did somebody exercise political "pull" on their behalf, and if so, who? These loans were made despite the fact that three or four members of the Berkeley District Land Bank Board have always been from Utah; in 1928, there were four, which is a majority of the Board. Two appraisers are today from Utah and pass on loans in that state. For some time, a relative of a Utah Senator was District Reviewing Appraiser, and several years ago he was appointed to a post of authority in Washington. It is not surprising that Utah is credited with having more than her share of available funds to lend. Long ago the Farm Loan system abandoned the attempt to supply loans on every approved application. If there is not enough to go around—and there never is—the banks may reject applications outright or, perhaps, fail to grant enough money to satisfy the borrower. The money is unequally allotted between districts, according to alleged need; the banks then divide between states or parts of states. A powerful Senator may be a good go-getter; a large share loaned in his territory might mean votes, or even the difference between keeping and losing his seat. Perhaps he says nothing; if he has proved himself useful in Congress, to the Board and the Banks, it may not be unnatural for those in authority to allow a large quota of funds—of course, without favoritism—to his district. Or perhaps, this little pig actually goes to market, regardless of others who get none. For he reasons that it may be useful to have appointed men to jobs in the money-mart.

Now, state pride alone might be a factor in unjust distribution of money, possibly resulting later in losses. If so, with forty-eight proud states, Heaven help the farmers who own these banks! Yet the method of making loans, with stockholders not in control and civil service lacking, shows no adequate protection against that sort of thing nor against possible political-spoils considerations. When a local Farm Loan Association recommends a loan, a federal appraiser is sent to examine the land; he in turn recommends whether to reject the loan, or, if to grant it, in what amount. The Reviewing Appraiser for the District then has his chance. Bank officials may rule out a specific loan or entire areas. But, if approved, applications are forwarded to Washington. The Farm Loan Bureau's Reviewing Appraisers make the final decision, subject to the approval of the Board itself.

Similarly prejudiced appointees in the field force of appraisers, on the Bank's staff, and in the Washington bureau, might constitute a line-up which would effectively side-track Farm Loan welfare. If such office-holders, who are not directly responsible to stockholders, happen to be grateful to politicians who have got them their jobs, is it not probable that sentimental or political considerations might affect both the division of funds between

states and possibly also the granting of specific loans?

While loans on good lands were refused in California, asserts the California Farm Bureau Federation, Utah loans, on poorer lands, were generously granted: fifteen dollars more per acre was loaned by the Berkeley Bank in Utah than conservative Joint Stocks averaged. Certainly losses piled up. Of 199 risks judged by a Mr. Cardon, 5 percent are said to have gone bad. His assistant, Hatch, reported in 1924, "... it is undoubtedly true that we have loaned too much per acre." And J. W. Paxman, appraiser, also wrote, in 1924, regarding three specific Utah loans, of \$5.13, \$7.81, and \$11.86 per acre, "The lands were once dry-farmed—at least, about 280 acres of them. They haven't been farmed in the past three years, and are of no value except for grazing. Such lands, fenced, would ordinarily sell for \$3 to \$5 an acre, but under present conditions it is very doubtful if a purchaser could be found who would give \$1 an acre for them." Yet, in 1925, despite the separate reports of 1924 by Hatch and Paxman, the average loaned by the Berkeley Bank in Utah *rose* from \$64 to \$65 per acre.

If it were not for the division of places between the Republicans and Democrats, bad conditions could long ago have been greatly improved. But even now, when reform is proposed, some legislator is sure to run protesting to the party leader, saying, in effect, "We must keep still about this system—remember that there are a billion and a quarter of bonds out. And besides, I got So-and-so his place, and he must be protected."

As they have found themselves secure, the leaders of the Land Bank machine have become more aggressive. They have used their influence to affect legislation. The Land Bank Presidents maintain a legislative committee to recommend congressional action. Members of this committee, whether in Washington, or at home in their banks, have developed means of pushing bills they favor and blocking those they fear—of course, in the name of the stockholders. Thanks to a number of Democratic appointees, who are grateful to the administration for their daily bread and cake, the Land Bank machine seems to have been in an excellent position recently to pull the Donkey's leg for the benefit of the Republican Elephant. Certain Senators, appealed to by Democrats whose appointments they have endorsed, appear to Stop or Go as this legislative committee suggests. Consequently, bills which might correct glaring abuses are never reported, while frequently legislation adverse to stockholders' interest is enacted; or appointments are confirmed when nominees are unqualified. Bipartisan influence, amounting to party-coalition in defense of the existing regime, has grown amazingly strong.

Furthermore, in various districts, the Land Bank machine maintains federations of the key-men of

local associations, the secretary-treasurers. By the policy of the Board and Banks, these are usually not stockholders but outsiders, local business men. If the legislative committee and the Bank advocate or oppose certain action, it often happens that letters and wires pile up on the desks of certain committee members in Washington. Hearing from the boys in the associations back home, the members naturally may be influenced in their decisions. The Land Bank machine has used a shrewd technique to get what it wants from Congress, and the Federal Board itself sometimes takes the lead.

Even while the amounts for lending have decreased, the expenses of this system have steadily swelled. To operate the Washington Bureau, the Federal Farm Loan Board levies assessments upon the banks, Land, Intermediate and Joint Stocks, proportionately. Estimates must be submitted to the Director of the Budget, and Congress appropriates; but since it is not taxpayers' money, Congress only in effect ratifies Board action. For the operation of the Federal Land Banks—again no total figures are available—estimates bring the amount above two million dollars annually. It appears that the expenses exceed the legal amount of 1 percent spread allowed for operation under the Act. It is notably negligent of the Federal Farm Loan Board not to supply Congress and stockholders annually with all the needed figures by which the administrators' consistency with the law and with actual services rendered might be judged.

Mr. Hoover has farmers' and taxpayers' immediate relief, if not their ultimate protection, in his own hands. On March 5, if he wished, he could issue an executive order. Besides his advocacy of civil service for appointees, he acknowledges agriculture to be our most urgent economic problem; he also deplores indifference to public corruption. Only less important than the farmer's income is his outgo for interest and amortization on his mortgages. To neglect this important phase of farm relief would expose Mr. Hoover's sincerity to challenge.

The greatest threat in the Farm Loan system, to farmers and citizens alike, comes in its management. The Banks depend on the character and skill of the men who run them, and the character and degree of supervision exercised over their acts. The institution as it stands suffers from inherent weaknesses. With the exception of Indians, minors and wards of the state, no group is so helpless as the 500,000 farmers who turned for assistance to the Land Banks which were to have been their deliverance.

It is highly improbable that the Board will recommend even that the federal employees of the system should be put under civil service. Mr. Meyer has praised several recent appointments on the ground that men have been chosen who could not have been induced to take office at the rates of pay possible under civil service. Appointment has some

advantages, in the hands of honest and competent men; but for a system such as this, handling colossal funds, the civil service principle is unquestionably superior.

The basic remedy lies in taking the entire rural credit system out of politics. To be sure, this would not be a simple matter, since the government owns the Intermediate Banks. If the government is compelled to remain in the banking business, it might logically go further into business, buy out the farmers who own the Federal Land Banks, harmonize these banks with the Intermediate, and attempt a really social control of credit, assuming all responsibility.

The other course is to pass Senator Howell's pending bill to return the control and management of their own Land Banks to the stockholders. But to do that, without making good the losses which have occurred under political control, would be to hand the farmers another gold brick. Once they secured control, the stockholders could pay for the application of able minds to Bank problems; with justice done, the farmers may still enjoy the advantages to be derived from liberalization of credit, advantages which they earned when they took the risk of pooling practically all their possessions in this great venture.

GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY.

*(This is the third and last of a series of articles on the Federal Farm-Loan System.)*

## Washington Notes

**B**Y THE time this issue is out, the new Cabinet will probably have been revealed and the Coolidge regime will have only a few days left of life, which, I may say in passing, is perfectly all right with me. The prospect is far from a blighting one. The change, I think, will be for the better. Things will at any rate be different, and one of the differences most pleasant to contemplate is in the character of the men who will be, to use the favorite phrase of the more dignified of our "corps of correspondents" in their deeper pieces, "close to the President." It has not, I think, been generally understood how potent a force in the Coolidge administration the House of Morgan has been, and perhaps it is just as well—though I acquit any of the partners of this great banking concern of any ulterior motives or sinister intent in their White House intimacies of the last six years.

They are patriotic, well meaning men in whom the trading instinct is highly developed, and several of them are extremely intelligent and agreeable, though that does not accurately describe them all. Perhaps they are right, too, in their fundamental conviction that the best way to promote the welfare of the whole people is to foster first and most the interests of the great financial institutions in New York City, though there are some arguments not wholly without merit on the other side. In any event, they have had for the past six years—these Morgan partners—an administration at Washington completely in accord with their

basic beliefs, and a President who must have seemed to them ideal. No wonder one or two of them went wholly off balance last spring in the effort to overcome the Coolidge fears of the third-term issue, and tried to push him into the field again as a candidate. One of them actually went out to Kansas City from the White House with the word that Mr. Coolidge would run if nominated. He freely told those with whom he talked that he had just left the President and knew this was true, and was so bitterly disappointed when the Hoover nomination was made, against his confident forecast and vigorous opposition, that he did not stop half-way but flopped clear over into the Smith camp. Not openly, of course, but as effectively as he knew how, just the same.

But that is all past history. The point I started out to make is that, under Mr. Coolidge, not one but several of the Morgan partners have had the run of the White House. They have come and gone frequently, without publicity. They have been asked for advice and have been most influential factors in the administration. Not a great deal has been done without consultation with them. They have been singularly "close in." As I have said, there has been nothing wrong about this. No dark or dastardly schemes have been put over, nothing despicable done. Even so, and unreasonable as it may be, just as one individual citizen, I would rather not have these Morgan boys quite so much at home around the White House, or so extraordinarily and exclusively chummy with the President of the United States. It is perfectly all right, I suppose. They are mostly men of character and several of them, as I have said, with much more than mere money talent. I may be hopelessly out of date. I may be a decade back of my time. Nevertheless, that is the way I feel about it.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Hoover will slap the Morgan firm in the face, or forbid its members to call. Not in the least. Probably, from time to time, he will send for some of the broader-minded partners, and consult with them about matters on which they have knowledge and can be of use. But there will be no social or personal presidential intimacy, nothing of the sort that has prevailed, and of which, curiously enough, some of them—the less broad ones—have been really proud. They were gratified at being on terms of personal friendship with the President. But after all, that is not so hard to understand when you consider that, not more than ten years ago, few public men in either party would have dared to admit they so much as knew a Morgan partner.

Herbert, of course, is not without his large Wall Street friends. Some of them, I am told, are in the great firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and there are others; but none, I think, will play the part with him that the Morgan firm has played with Coolidge. One reason, of course, is that Mr. Hoover, who is accustomed to lean on himself, and is infinitely better equipped to do so, does not need the sort of advice and support from bankers that Mr. Coolidge, trained solely in Massachusetts machine politics, required. Another is that, unlike Mr. Coolidge, Hoover has a wide acquaintance and many personal friendships among men of substance and wealth, of the Julius Rosenwald type, for example, which will give him a great variety of view and

leave no niche for a small group to become "the men close to the President." From this point of view, the coming change in White House tenancy is pleasing and promising. There may come other developments hard to bear. We may get all cluttered up with Boy and Girl Scouts, Barr Bakers and Bruce Bartons, but at least we will lose the Morgan boys.

Also, while the aged Andrew will still be with us as Secretary of the Treasury, he will be in the shadows, his glamor almost dissipated by the pathetic eagerness of his desire to hold on. The "greatest Secretary since Hamilton" slogan is fast becoming a very feeble joke. He did not ask my advice, but if he had I should certainly have told Mr. Mellon he was making a great mistake not to get out while he was still going strong. The old gentleman has done what nearly all of them do—he has waited too long, with the result that, before he has served many months under the Hoover administration, his figure will have shrunk in the public eye to a point very close to his real size. However, upon reflection, I do not know whether it is a mistake or not. From the standpoint of his carefully constructed reputation for breadth and sagacity it is, but from the standpoint of keeping him in a Washington atmosphere which he keenly relishes and enjoys and in postponing the inevitable return to Pittsburgh, of course it is not a mistake but a smart idea to stay as long as he can. Of course he would like—and naturally—to have both his reputation and his enjoyment of Washington life, but if he had to choose between them I think he would select the latter. For that reason I think he has played a little joke on Herbert—that is, if Herbert, as is currently believed, will appoint him with the idea that, after gratifying his ambition to serve under three Presidents, he will retire at the end of the year. My own idea is that he will completely forget all about retiring at the end of one year, or two, or three. I think his memory is going to fail him utterly on this retirement business. That will be hard on Hoover, but harder still on the hopeful Ogden, who is even now "all of a strain," as they say in certain sections of Virginia. Washington. T. R. B.

## Dynamo

*Dynamo, by Eugene O'Neill. Martin Beck Theater, February 11, 1928.*

I HAVE often thought, seeing his plays, that, despite his great theatrical gifts, Eugene O'Neill's talent has two aspects not strictly theatrical that have contributed as much as anything else to his wide reputation.

One of these is the character of lyric feeling behind all that he writes. "Strange Interlude" in its earlier scenes may be subtle and secure, and in its last scenes banal and something short in taste, and "Dynamo" may be concerned at certain times with profound and eternal human problems and at others with what is adolescent, trite and over-familiar; but it remains true, nevertheless, that the feeling behind everything is close and genuine and personal. It arises from the author's own turmoil and emotional necessity, and has about it the urgency of his needs. From this

cause it happens in "Dynamo," as it did in "Desire under the Elms," that we feel the presence of two elements: the play proceeds, with whatever agreement or tedium it arouses in us as we hear it, but meanwhile, alongside this agreement or boredom, there runs this personal lyricism, the sense of some individual poignancy whose stress and pressure has evolved these scenes. This in itself is moving and endearing; it stirs in us the impulse to defend Eugene O'Neill, and to respond to feeling that in himself is moving, even though it turns out to be unequal and half-baked. It happens, therefore, that even when we are not at all touched by the feeling itself or the idea presented, we are stabbed to our depths by the importance of this feeling to him, and we are all his, not because of what he says but because saying it meant so much to him. As a play, "Dynamo" seemed to me to have some fine scenes, like that when the mother betrays the son's confidence, but to be uncertain in its whole result; as a personal document, it is significant.

The other aspect of his gift is that for making myths. There can be no doubt that one of the things that has carried him farthest into people's memories is the capacity that his themes possess for effective recounting. In numbers of his plays the theme or central idea sounds infinitely suggestive and fruitful as one recounts it to others or as a newspaper story hands it on; and upon it the imagination builds and weaves onward to dazzling possibilities and infectious meanings. Whereas the play seen in the theater is not half so good as we thought it might be; and what we have projected for it promised much more than has been created or accomplished. The play of "The Hairy Ape," for instance, is fair; it is effective and for one seeing comes off well enough. But the fable is capital—this Man with the Hoe, reduced to a beast, returning to the beast's cage, finding no place even there; a few lines say it, and the theme of it remains unforgettable.

In "Dynamo" there is a fine fable, modern style. A young man departs from the old faith and turns to science for his god, whose incarnation he worships in the dynamo. But in that he finds no resolution of his problem; the old god is dead but science provides no satisfactory new god. Reuben Light, brought up in the house of his father, a strict preacher and old-style Christian, who is in love with his wife as she is with him, but who distrusts the ways of the flesh, is himself in love with the daughter of the atheist neighbor. After a difficulty with her and her father and then with his own parents, he leaves home and sees the world, of books, wandering, work and women. He returns and finds his mother dead, her heart broken over him. He gets a place in the atheist's power house, and begins to discover the presence of his god in the dynamo. In the last scene we are shown his prayers and invocations to this mechanical monster, and the way in which he is torn between this dedication and service on one hand and on the other the earthly love for his sweetheart, who on her part cannot live without him. In the end he yields to the temptation of the flesh, and then suffers a revulsion of feeling; he will give his soul to the dynamo. He shoots the girl, and presently thrusts his hands into the dynamo's current and dies.

But to invent, or discover, a great myth—Prometheus, Faust, Don Juan—is a rare and wonderful thing; and it is just here that "Dynamo" most breaks down. Told in

brief form, a few lines, a classic fable's length, this story and this search for the new God and the failure of it—a man turns from the old God and worships the machine, in vain—is effective and good. But it will not stretch to hold a fuller content. It has not the necessary capacity for extension. When we watch the first acts of "Dynamo" some of it sounds obvious and *vieux jeu*, some of it moving and close; and when we see the last act we feel in it the deep and world-old basis—as in Tristan, Launcelot, Tannhäuser and so on—of the struggle between the world and the salvation of one's soul; we feel the subtlety sometimes of the reactions and the catches of intense emotion; but we cannot take seriously this man kneeling to this dynamo and making prayers to it before our eyes, except on the grounds of his having gone insane, and in that case, what he does lacks significance. In sum, what was a good figure of speech—we all speak these days of worshipping the machine—is not a good frame for a play, not, certainly, as we see it in the Theater Guild production.

The writing of this new play of Eugene O'Neill's is divided between a certain close realism on the one hand, or at least a poetic accuracy—gained partly through the use of lengthy asides—and on the other a typicality by which the characters and the events are not individual but are shown moving on type lines and weaving thereby the pattern of the incident. How far this is confusing is not easy to say from seeing the play only in the present production. The line that the Theater Guild has taken is that of honest actuality. I should judge that this is really as good as the play itself deserves, so far as its content and significance go; but certainly it confuses the issue still further. It is wholly without spell and without imagination. This begins with the settings. The first two acts of "Dynamo" call for two adjoining houses, with a fence between, and a view into the rooms of each house and the families there. Mr. Lee Simonson has provided two frames of houses, the actual two-by-fours, as if the walls were removed and we saw inside. What we see there on the stage appears to be mere stripped beams for houses not yet built; there is no drawing and no dramatic creation except in the sweep of the electric wires above the houses. The result as a whole gets nowhere. In the last act the scene in the hydro-electric plant may be, as the program informs us, like that known to the dramatist near Ridgefield, Connecticut, but, though devised with admirable craft, it merely presents an actuality that makes the worshipping hero more obsessed and lacking in significance—giving up the world and the flesh for that familiar engine that sits there to the left of the stage is a trifle hard to swallow or to be interested in. By what distortion, what drawing, what alteration of reality into emotional meaning, this power-house scene might have been converted into the abyss against which this soul plays out its lost struggle toward God, is not so much a matter for the critic's suggestion as the designer's creation. It is his place to discover in that mechanical scene the one line, the shadow, the light, the mass, the restatement that will express the dramatic moment that evolves within it.

The presence of Mr. Glenn Anders as the actor who shall create this unsteady central figure in the play is also of unequal value. Mr. Anders plays as well as anyone could imagine him to do, always intelligently, always with

that remarkable gift of his by which he can slip at any moment into the most convincing portrayal of feeling, always with that persuasive time-sense that he has had from the start. If the young man he presents is to be rather dull in the head, whining, belonging to the common run, capable of deep gusts of simple human feeling, Mr. Anders is excellent. If there should be more vagueness, mysticism and lift, something less obsessed and more transcendent, he is a bad choice. I confess, seeing the play, I was unable to tell just how typical and ordinary, or individual and exact, or poetic and removed, this Reuben Light was meant to be. My impression was that he wandered rather uncertainly among these various qualities, and that the dramatist has not placed him securely in any plane.

Mrs. Fife, the girl's mother, left me equally uncertain. She may have been meant by the dramatist for a simple-minded, good creature with dreams, or a bona fide mystic, or a being who says something wonderful one minute and absurd the next. This last is the way Miss Catherine Calhoun Doucet played the role, and it seemed to me to make sense as realism, for a good mystic often hovers between the divine and the absurd. Miss Claudette Colbert, in clothes too *chic*, played admirably the girl's part, one of those Gee-he-gets-my-goat roles that our American stage provides so liberally for young ladies, though this time there are genuine moments of feeling for the player to create; and Mr. George Gaul played the minister, Reuben's father, quite as admirably. The best performance in "Dynamo," as well as the best written, is that of the atheist who superintends the power house, defies God, bullies his wife, runs the machines, taunts the preacher, loves his daughter, and is harsh and kind by turns. The first moments of Act Three trouble Mr. Dudley Digges and leave him still not quite at home, but his performance as a whole is well graded, dramatic and always intelligent, and full of the stresses and emphases that proceed from a real power of study.

STARK YOUNG.

## Reflections on Chicago

MY REPEATED impressions of Chicago are, apparently, doomed to be unfavorable: one wakes up on a dreary winter morning, to find oneself passing through a slatternly Indiana town, and then, as on an endless repetitious reel, come low-lying wooden boxes, their roofs scarcely lifted above the stagnant blackness of the prairie, and abandoned factories with their windows full of jagged glass, and grain elevators, standing in lofty dejection amid the merest defecation of landscape, and more cramped boxes and freight-yards and factories and elevators, with now and again the sudden snout of a great lake steamer, unloading her ores, until finally, when one is almost convinced that the tedium and horror will not cease, unless by dint of vast muscular effort one can wake up, one is turned out into the blare of the Chicago Union Station. The departure from the train, usually so welcome after spending the greater part of a day in confinement, turns out to be only the second instalment of that nightmare of magnificent energy and raucous imbecility

that is Chicago. Nothing can better convey to one's mind the notion that Chicago and New York belong to different countries, no, to different civilizations, than the contrast between the departure from New York and the series of rapid catastrophes that mark one's entry into Chicago.

The placid ease of boarding a train at the Grand Central Station is a miracle of organization, underlined, suavely accentuated, by the carpet that conducts the traveler from the immaculate waiting halls to the corridors of the train itself. The carpet is unnecessary, of course: it is mere swank and uppityness; but what is equally important is, it is possible; and moreover, it is a symbol of the leisurely and almost ceremonious atmosphere that modern life has developed about one of its real objects of devotion—a fast train that has learned how to be punctual. I have never left Chicago on the Twentieth Century; but on the basis of my various arrivals here I can safely say that a carpet is inconceivable. The huge smoke-hall into which the train debouches, this grimy platform, these harried, rapid, screaming, scrambling porters—a carpet, indeed! Ruthlessly, the bags are pumped on to trucks, the passengers are pushed towards the taxi-entrance; and if one has any other mind about one's belongings or one's movements, no provision has been made for it: there are no porters available for other errands.

The unscrambling of a trainload of bags and suitcases, by a crowd of anxious, irritable, excited passengers, hindered and abetted by a crowd of equally irritable and excited porters, is a masterpiece of disorganization: add to it the tooting pandemonium of arriving and departing taxis and the murky fog of the shed itself, and one possesses a synopsis of twentieth-century hell. I have never seen so much energy expended with so little effect, so much spiritual wear and tear and so little satisfaction—and I have been through my share of customs offices and European railway stations! I was not at all surprised to hear a portly, authoritative gentleman say to the head porter with the impressiveness of a great executive: "Drop your work and listen to me: one of my bags has just been taken away on a strange taxi." The porter began to run around like a mad chicken, but alas! I found myself bounced into a taxi before I could learn what the great executive did about it, or if the porter threw himself under the wheels of a passing taxi, in expiation. But the wonder is that everybody's bags did not get separated from their owners: the wonder is that the passengers didn't all punch the porters' noses (not all of us have the verbal assurance of Great Executives!), and that the taxicab drivers didn't shoot the passengers: for the atmosphere was one of murk, gore, horror. When later I read in the headlines of the Chicago Tribune that two thousand criminals had just been arrested in a round-up in the Loop I was not in the least surprised: I was prepared to believe that we were all criminals and that the secret of survival in Chicago was to maim and kill with more expert precision than one's neighbor.

For what is a criminal? He is a person who wishes the rewards of society without being willing to play the game: a person who rejects all the complicated, devious ways of earning a living, from honest work to personal amiability and cajolery, in order to achieve his end directly with the aid of dynamite or a shotgun: in grand sum, he is

a person without a sense of ceremony. If a trainful of passengers, decent, innocent people, could all be mobbed and bullied in the fashion I had witnessed, as part of the day's routine, why should one expect any consideration, any sweetness, gentleness, or light, from the lower orders of society? And what was all the tumult and the shouting for? For no practical reason whatever, as far as I could discover, except perhaps the desire of the Yellow Cab Company to monopolize service. The energy and discord was sheer futility—far more futile than if seven pages had gone in advance of the passengers, blowing tarantara on seven horns. The oldest civilization that still lives in the world has the reputation of being the most polite, the most ceremonious: the bandit, the soldier, the thug, are notoriously people who "don't stand on ceremony." But that is a hard lesson for Chicago. Does not my hotel guide-book begin its description of Chicago with a quotation—I trust apocryphal—from Robert de la Salle: "The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man. Each day as he rises he will exclaim, 'I act, I move, I push.'" Unfortunately, the results of this perpetual acting, moving, and pushing are disastrous to the human spirit; and if Chicago is to be a great city, and not simply an imbecile colossus, the old animus will have to be mixed with a little of its saving opposite, a little civility, a little decorum, a little serenity. Perhaps it is just my own misfortune in not having seen any of these things in Chicago; an accident, like the fact that I have always come to it on murky days, bitter and raw and sooty; but even accidents have a way of being symptomatic. That Chicago is dirty is indisputable. That it dominates a vast swamp of bad housing and mean civilization is obvious. That its chief newspapers are fourth-rate provincial sheets, poorly edited and composed, is plain, too, to anyone who can read. Even its great drives and parks have about them something of the sinister sweep and energy of Peter the Great's city on the fens; the same blackness, the same fake classic exterior, the same stubborn monotony. The city plan is staggering, grandiose; its open spaces almost tempt one to agoraphobia; but the quality of mind exhibited in these efficient dreams is not, for all their audacity, a thoroughly civilized one—one that values life, your life, my life, everyone's life, and that respects individuality. A friend of mine has called this the most imperialist city in the world; and I think he is right. This is not a city of communities, like Boston: it is a city of gangs and masses. When the people of Chicago meet together on some great collective occasion, like a prize fight or Eucharistic festival, the way they fill up these vast arenas and open spaces may be impressive: but that does not prove that the animus behind this planning, these spectacles, these mass-movements is friendly to culture and fine feeling. Indeed, it may be quite the opposite. A stereotyped mind, an impoverished expression, indifference to intellectual issues, practical brutality and callousness can exist alongside a considerable amount of genuine civic patriotism and devotion to the mass-interest, as the history of imperial Rome shows. I fear Chicago; and I fear it not the less because those who built it, and are building it, have so often been good and upright men, full of excellent intentions, and efficient even to the point of carrying them out!

LEWIS MUMFORD.

## C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

## Dr. Dewey and the I. L. P. of A.

**S**IR: One labor man tells another and so it has come about that I have waded—and I use the word advisedly—through the last of the articles by which Professor John Dewey no doubt expected to annihilate Matthew Woll, who, as the Professor says, is President of the International Labor Press of America.

For something more than twenty-one years I have been secretary of this organization, which is composed of editors and owners of trade-union publications loyal to the principles of the American Federation of Labor. I am writing this letter because I hold that office, because I regard most highly the good name of our organization and because Professor Dewey seems to me to have sought, by innuendo, to traduce that good name, as well as the good name of our President, whose labors have been tireless, though at times we have had to beg him to continue in the office because of the pressure of other work upon him. Be assured of one thing: Mr. Woll occupies the presidency because the members of our Association want him in that office. It is not a confession in any way new when I say that our organization was on the verge of disbanding when he agreed to take the presidency.

Professor Dewey, in giving his incomplete list of the activities of Mr. Woll, lists him as our president, saying that this organization, "through the medium of the International Labor News Service, controls the labor news that reaches the public."

Like many others before him, Professor Dewey displays an extreme readiness in the making of statements. I have served twenty years as a member of a Board of Education and I am not unfamiliar with the teachings of John Dewey. Perhaps I can still retain my regard for what he taught as a teacher, while having only a sad contempt for what he has tried to do through the columns of your magazine.

Our organization owns the International Labor News Service, much as an organization of newspapers owns the Associated Press. We demand that its policies conform to the policies of the American Federation of Labor. We demand that it adhere to the principles of the Federation. That we shall continue to do, no matter who is president. The individual in the presidency has nothing to do with that.

The International Labor News Service furnishes news, but it does not control news. It has been the greatest agency for improvement that American labor papers have ever had. There is no other national labor movement that has such an agency. The International Labor News Service is our service. We demand of it certain work and it does that work. To assert or imply that Mr. Woll has laid upon it any restraining hand, or that it lays upon labor papers any restraining hand, is to become guilty of that which we expect from our enemies. It simply is not true.

I am not going to be tempted into a discussion of all that Professor Dewey has said. It has been my purpose to make rejoinder to that portion regarding the organization of which I am Secretary, both Mr. Woll and I serving without pay. We shall try to worry along, serving labor, in spite of the fevered and fearful disfavor of Professor Dewey.

R. E. WOODMANSEE,

Secretary-Treasurer, the International  
Labor Press of America.

Springfield, Ill.

[Mr. Woodmansee's letter is occasioned by Dr. Dewey's statement that 'he [Mr. Woll] . . . is President of the International Labor Press, which, through the medium of the International Labor News Service, controls the labor news that reaches the public (that the 'labor editors' of metropolitan dailies find it useful to stand in with the administrative machine of the American Federation of Labor will be easily understood). . . .'] The portions of the foregoing sentence which we have omitted consisted of a list of Mr. Woll's other official positions. We regret that Mr. Woodmansee chooses to ignore the subject of Dr. Dewey's

article, which was the relation between Brookwood Labor College and the American Federation of Labor.—THE EDITORS.]

## A Loan to Yugoslavia

**S**IR: The editorial remarks about Yugoslavia in your issue of February 13, and in particular your fears concerning the uses to which a foreign loan to Yugoslavia might be put, seem to me to ignore several facts.

King Alexander's present cabinet was picked by and is dominated by himself alone. He is not a strong "centralist." He believes (as anyone who knows the Balkans believes) that there must be central control over foreign and financial policy and in the army, but he has long been criticized in certain circles in Belgrade because in spirit and in deed he is a "Jugoslav" and not a "Serb"; indeed, his chief reason for taking power into his own hands was in order to find a means of meeting legitimate Croat complaints, first in administrative and then in constitutional matters. You may have forgotten that a year ago the late Stephen Radich, after being asked by the King to form a government, and having failed, on February 19, 1928, himself proposed that the King should choose a general as Premier. He said: "Our national army, which is our national shrine in its grandest representation, can perhaps alone furnish a generally recognized leader strong enough unmercifully to expel corruption and lawlessness, to destroy partisanship in administration, and to overcome the political terrorism which is turning our entire country into a great penitentiary."

Please notice further that in the present instance the King acted after consulting the Croat leaders, that they publicly expressed great satisfaction, and that their subsequent hedging results from their discovery that as Croat "practical politicians" with a long record of failure they are excluded from the new cabinet just as Serb "practical politicians" with a long record of failure are excluded.

You say, "The Croats are protesting that any loan would probably be spent upon the Serbian portion of the Kingdom, to the neglect of Croatia, but that the Croatians would be obliged to meet the bill." Only on the assumption that the non-party Croats whom the King has selected for the new cabinet are as ineffective as were the little Croat politicians who have held cabinet posts previously in Belgrade. The qualifications of the five Croat members of the new cabinet make this unlikely. One of the principal posts in the cabinet (and the one of most direct interest to the Croats) is Minister of Finance; the King has appointed to this post Dr. Sverluga, Director of the Croatian National Bank of Zagreb. The cabinet post of next greatest importance to Croatia (industrially the most advanced part of the Kingdom) is that of Commerce. The King has appointed as Minister of Commerce M. Mazuranic, one of the most important and substantial business men in Zagreb and a member of a family famous in Croatian history.

Those who are interested in peace in Yugoslavia and peace in Eastern Europe will hope that the efforts of these two Croat ministers, in home policies as well as in their negotiations abroad over loans and trade treaties, will meet with full and early success.

New York City.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

## The Case for Religion

**S**IR: Returning from Europe, I find Mr. Blackhurst, in your issue of January 9, employing his "logical turn of mind" on my "Case for Religion" and detecting what he thinks is a "whopper."

Without embarking on a controversy which might fill the New Republic for the next six months, I can perhaps assist your correspondent to define the real issue. Mr. Blackhurst objects to

my assumption of a "world which transcends the phenomenal"—to quote his expression—and argues that our experience of discreteness in the phenomenal world is sufficient basis for "a concept of 'I.'" I suggest, first, that this argument as he states it would apply equally to animals; and, second, that the apprehending mind can never be an immediate datum for knowledge in the sense that phenomena (or perceptions) are. Further, any "concept of 'I'" so derived must probably be atomistic, certainly static. It would have no place for the dynamic elements of personality—though, of course, it is open to Mr. Blackhurst to reply that there are none. Mr. Blackhurst apparently has some sort of instrumentalism in mind. So have I. But for me it solves none of the problems of philosophy proper. Again it is open to Mr. Blackhurst to reply—as many sociologists reply—that there are none.

So far as the Kantian basis of my argument is concerned—and it is this that seems to trouble your correspondent—a closer reading of my article will show that it is not the simple phenomenon-noumenon distinction that is relevant, but the distinction between "speculative understanding" and "practical reason" which, as Mr. Blackhurst is doubtless aware, implies a good deal more than the strictly epistemological dichotomy. I can by no means agree, in passing, that Kant "paid his respects to one of the halves (the noumenal, presumably), and his serious attention to the other." Kant was as "other-worldly" as the rest of the idealists of his day.

Then I come upon a surprising admission. "Science makes no pretense at knowing ultimate reality." What, then, about the "concept of 'I'" that is derivable entirely from our experience of the phenomenal? Is not the "I" also part of ultimate reality? "Whatever ultimate reality may be, it is a fair assumption that it is part of the fabric of the world we experience as phenomena." This is the wrong way round. Surely Mr. Blackhurst's logical turn of mind must lead him to admit that the phenomenal is more likely to be the "part" and the "ultimate reality" the whole. That assumption alone gives meaning to the attempt to determine the nature of scientific knowledge. But with that revision I endorse Mr. Blackhurst's reluctance to assent to any fundamental dualism in the nature of things. It is a question of modality.  $X^2 + y^2 = c^2 = 0$  is not the same thing as a circle; yet the mathematician's world is not necessarily alien to the artist's.

Northampton, Mass.

WILLIAM ORTON.

## Renouvin and War Guilt

SIR: I have no desire to enter into any specific controversy with

Professor Binkley in relation to his article on war responsibility. I would desire, however, decisively to challenge his judgment on the work of Pierre Renouvin. To class Renouvin with Fay is grossly misleading and manifestly unfair to Fay. Renouvin has not produced an objective and truly historical treatment of the outbreak of the World War. Rather, he has presented the most competent treatment of the case for France and the Entente, surrendering to the revisionist point of view only when he could not support the war-time mythology without using demonstrably forged and discredited materials. In the international war guilt journal, *Die Kriegsschuldfrage*, for November, 1928, I have contrasted, point by point and at great length, the views of Renouvin and Bernadotte Schmitt with those of Professor Fay, showing that there is not the slightest ground for identifying Schmitt and Renouvin with Fay, and demonstrating that on every crucial point of pre-war diplomacy Fay diverges decisively from these writers. Those who prefer to be convinced by writings other than my own may be recommended to inspect the reviews of Renouvin by W. L. Langer in the *Political Science Quarterly* for September, 1928, and by M. H. Cochran in *Current History* for October, 1928, as well as George Demartial's devastating challenge which I have reprinted in the last chapter of my "In Quest of Truth and Justice."

Northampton, Mass.

HARRY E. BARNES.

SIR: I fear that Professor Barnes has misunderstood my attitude if he thinks that I hold Renouvin's work to be equal in historical value to Fay's. I referred, indeed, to Renouvin's exceptional lucidity of thought and expression, these being no doubt the

qualities that have made his work the "most competent treatment of the case for France. . . ." But the purpose of my article was to establish that Renouvin and Fay are really at opposite poles, since the one introduces ethical presuppositions while the other does not. Because of this difference, Renouvin tends to reach positive conclusions, Fay only negative ones. Renouvin subtly departs from the canons of historical method while Fay adheres rigorously to them.

Professor Barnes classifies writers by comparing the answers they give to the question, "Who started the War?" Equally valid is a distinction based on the way the question is propounded rather than upon the way it is answered, upon the method used in investigating rather than the conclusion reached in the investigation. In terms of the latter distinction, which it was the purpose of my article to propound, von Wegerer himself, editor of *Kriegsschuldfrage* and world spokesman of revisionism, stands in the same camp with Renouvin, and in the camp opposed to Fay.

New York City.

ROBERT C. BINKLEY.

## "A Hooverized Female" Protests

SIR: The policy of the liberal weeklies in the late campaign has made me lose confidence in their leadership. The names of both the *New Republic* and the *Nation* imply a national viewpoint—either might better be called the *New Yorker*.

If the liberals are sincere in wishing the formation of a strong liberal party, their support should have been given to Norman Thomas. His desertion was a tragedy. It has seemed puerile to be so cheaply seduced to the support of the Democratic candidate, whose bid to liberalism was a contemptuously low one. The red herring of "religious bigotry," or of "personal liberty," was astutely dragged across the trail, and the "liberals" gave tongue joyously—Tally-ho, and away!

If the *New Republic* followed Smith, the candidate, rather than his party, why was it guilty of the repeated insults to those who followed Hoover, in spite of his party? Not implicitly, but explicitly and often, it was taken for granted that a voter for Hoover was necessarily a "dry fanatic," a "religious bigot" or a "Hooverized female." Explicitly I answer for myself to those categories.

First, after some years of social work and study, I honestly believe alcohol to be a social poison, as legitimately to be fought in America as opium was fought in China. If that makes me a "dry fanatic," I am one.

Second, I shamelessly admit a deep distrust of the Roman Catholic Church. I am no more ashamed of that "prejudice" than of my "prejudice" against Tennessee Fundamentalism. But Fundamentalism is ignorant, scattered, leaderless and doomed by one generation of education. Catholicism is astute, marvelously organized, centralized, and consciously determined to control education. As a liberal, I have only to recall what has happened to Catholic liberals in Catholic countries, to "Le Sillon," or to "Modernism," to have my opinion settled on the future of liberalism, if the Catholic hierarchy were to decide that future. So, I am a "bigot."

When there is a measure of *lay-control* in the Catholic Church, there will be fewer such bigots. None of us care tuppence about its theological creed, about transubstantiation, the fate of unbaptized children, purgatory, relics, miracles or other musty medievalisms—but we do distrust its social creed, its temporal pretensions, its "historic stand for the inseparability of Church and State, heresy, its undemocratic system of ecclesiastical aristocracy, and its dogmatic position on what is moral and what constitutes morality." We do not admire its observed effects upon the countries where it has had right of way for centuries.

And, lastly, I do not forget that the Hoover boom was started by liberals, by men like Vernon Kellogg, or that the party politicians were as much against him as the opposing party politicians were for Smith. I do not forget that the record of America stands clear of revenge because Herbert Hoover forced the Allied nations to allow the feeding of Germany and the starving nations of Central Europe. If that makes me a "Hooverized female," I can bear up. I have Margaret Sanger for company!

Harrington Park, N. J.

MABEL ASHE BELING.

## A Typical American City

*Middletown: A Study In American Culture*, by R. S. and H. M. Lynd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 534 pages. \$5.

**M**IDDLETOWN" offers us a picture of a typical small American city, supposed to have been studied with the objectivity that trained anthropologists apply to the cultures of primitive peoples. Let me say at once that it is a fascinating and valuable book, one that will give the reader more insight into the social processes of this country than any other I know. Furthermore, one can deduce from it a pretty complete idea of how the minds of those who accept the normal American situation work. A weakness of the book, however, is the small amount of space given to maladjustments, or shall I say, overt maladjustments? For such information one must still turn to Judge Lindsey, W. I. Thomas, Nels Anderson and others. But for a thoroughly accurate notion of how the adjusted American lives and works, "Middletown" is the book.

The dominant impression that one carries away from it is that there is no peace, rest or ease in the Middletowns of America. There are no really satisfactory anchors for either the mental or social life; no points of reference or scale of values on which there is substantial agreement—except, of course, artificially arrived at and sustained agreements. But it is equally obvious that new values are in the process of creation and may be expected to emerge slowly, at first in a distorted form. The dissolving force that upset the earlier values was obviously the coming of new inventions for industry, for home and for the utilization of leisure. Yet even here there was no uniformity of progress, and while the mechanical phases of industry changed, the personal phases remained governed by the standards of the earlier period. The working man has become the creature of mass production, but gets and retains his position under the old *laissez-faire* system. Nor has there even been a complete triumph of the mechanical innovations. The investigators found homes without bathrooms or sewage connections whose inhabitants owned automobiles.

Much more interesting than the details of the coming of the mechanical age—a subject on which we have had information many times before, but never so closely related to the social situation as here—is the discontinuity between the mechanical development and the thinking of the people utilizing the machines. That is, there is a definite cultural lag which is clearly characteristic of the social situation of which "Middletown" is representative. Here, as never before, is proof, and plenty of it, that a man with stone-age ideas can drive around in a high-priced automobile. Here we see clearly that Count Keyserling's image of the chauffeur is not such an exaggeration after all.

Partly this is to be accounted for, as I have said, by the fact that the machines descended upon the people so rapidly that there has not yet been time to create new values. But equally important is the fact that there is no required correlation between your ideas about morals and religion and your ability to run a vacuum cleaner or assemble an electric motor. Yet if the new has not yet made its appearance, the old is far from having relaxed its grip, and the natural desire of human beings to "play safe" makes it pretty obvious that more is being done to save the remnants of the old values than consciously to build up the new.

It is clearly apparent that there has been a decided

transference from a primary interest in vocation to leisure on the part of the great majority of the workers of the Middletowns of America. In proportion as industry becomes a formalized affair it ceases to engage the entire interest of the workers. They place greater emphasis on the monetary results of their labor, and particularly on what the money will buy in the way of comforts and machines for making leisure enjoyable—radios and automobiles, for example. Or, in concrete fact, most workers are more interested in Sunday automobile rides than in creating automobiles or parts during the week. On the other hand, the business class tends to allow more and more of its leisure to be absorbed, not by business itself, but by the contributory and defensive institutions like Rotary and Kiwanis. It is also obvious that, while the modern situation has driven the business class into a closer and closer alliance for both social and defensive purposes, it has contributed to the decline of the worker's defense organizations. The tendency is toward greater cohesion among the business class and toward a division and separation among the workers. What this forecasts for the future is pretty obvious. It points, to my way of thinking, to the situation visualized in the moving picture, "Metropolis."

The new age has also witnessed the decline of the old-fashioned home. Not only have new means of transportation, like the automobile, broken up old institutions like "Sunday dinner," but the tendency of more and more members of the family to go out to work has also contributed. Furthermore, the young people are taken away from home by school activities both educational and social. Other contributing factors are the decline of the social opprobrium attached to divorce and the increased use of methods of birth control. This latter factor offers an interesting example of a practice still being frowned upon by the mores of the group, but slowly winning a place of approval.

But if institutions not supported by a vested financial interest are dissolving, new developments like social medicine have a hard row to hoe. The doctors still cling to the ideal of an extensive individual practice. On the other hand, a traditionally social affair like political government is being transferred, if very slowly, to the realm of technical occupations. There is an active opposition to this transfer grounded in sentiment, but it will slowly pass and our cities will finally be administered as "business propositions." Grafting, indeed, gets to be tolerated if the grafters can "show results" even today, which is simply an indication of the drift.

Institutional changes are paralleled in such fields of opinion as morals and religion. As noted, birth control is winning its way, distinctly changing the traditional attitude toward sex relations and marriage. It is a distinct limitation of this book that it does not show us, through a presentation of typical cases of sexual maladjustments, just what direction the moral change is taking. But it is pretty safe to say that there is a distinct decline in the belief that the body is something to be ashamed of and that the sex act is by nature sinful. The authors comment on the dress of the modern girl, which supports the first part of the generalization, and there are numerous books that support the latter part.

It is interesting to observe that religion is by far the most thoroughly outmoded of all the traditional values, and yet the value that is most strenuously clung to and defended. The lag is greatest at this point, and the defensive urge is strongest. And it is equally obvious that

the reason for this is that in religion those who are following the modern trends in other fields find a compensation for their sins and heresies.

If one desired to put a finger on the situation which is making the transition to the new age most difficult, I should select education. Here, beyond doubt, is the source of more maladjustments than one would care to count. Like the Church, it is an institution almost exclusively devoted to devising and propagating compensatory and justificatory ideas and explanations for what is anachronistic. Almost its only contribution to the new age is unintentional: socializing functions traditionally associated with the home and trade apprenticeship. And this lack of correlation between education and modern life is made apparent by the abandonment of all but the most trivial and obstructive ideas by both boys and girls, once they finish their schooling.

"Middletown" is one of those rare books that can be used as a source in discussing almost any phase of American life. In it we see America of yesterday, today and tomorrow, side by side, struggling. This review does not pretend to have indicated more than one-tenth of its value.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

## Tolstoy's Wife

*The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife: 1860-1891. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. 264 pages. \$3.50.*

HERE are thirty years of marriage compressed within a few hundred pages—and marriage to Tolstoy, at that! It would take more than this book to tell the whole story, a story which even the principals themselves could hardly fathom, so much of it lay hidden from themselves, in their characters and in their unconscious being.

Despite their great love, the pages of the diary show dissatisfaction from the very beginning, for Mme. Tolstoy came to this marriage not quite an equal, handicapped by youth and the disparity of fourteen years between herself and her husband. Every criticism of his seemed to her coldness, and she was constantly overcome by the fear that she was losing his love. Also this fear created jealousy, so that she was eaten up for years by the thought of his love affairs before his marriage and by suspicions of his friendships afterwards. Then she was deeply shocked at what they both called the "debauchery of his youth," for he had given her his diaries to read, and as he did not understand his own passions and she certainly could not, this dualism also was carried on to the very end.

With this mixture of love and longing, of a desire to be always right before his eyes and of suspicion of him, there was added the constant misunderstanding about what was the good and useful in life. He was always revolutionary. He was always, even in his gay past, concerned with the thoughts of perfection, of goodness and of service. His mistake was that his head was even greater than his heart, so that when he came to an intellectual conclusion he could not compromise. A pathetic instance was the occasion when he was outraged with her for giving her child to a wet-nurse when her own breasts were inflamed. It was robbing a rightful mother of her child and making the real mother useless and vain, he cried. How hurt she was! Years later he begged forgiveness, but then, over some fresh quarrel, took it all back again. It was still an act of injustice to him. He hated their vain and useless life in Moscow; the lackeys, the white gloves. It was always dis-

tasteful to him, and she always wanted her class distinctions.

Finally the task fell upon her to meet him in his "conversion," when he definitely decided to try to live out what he called his Christianity, living by useful labor in harmony with all, resisting evil by good, acquiring no property, despising the machine-age which leads only to worldliness and sins of the flesh, and to live in chastity. The autobiography stops at 1891, about ten years after the conversion, and though they lived together nineteen years more, we have enough in these pages to show the difficulty of the situation for both of them.

Here, much as she loves him and still longs for him, glad as she is "to see his gray coat hanging in the hall," or is jealous of her own grown daughters copying or working for their father, she fails him completely. In the first place, she cannot abandon her class feelings, and these "new Christians," as she calls them, these "dark people" who invade her home, are personally disagreeable to her. She doesn't like them in her drawing-room talking to her daughters and becoming familiar. Then, though she has to admire the idealism and the innate human love that Tolstoy's ideas hold, she is convinced that they are impracticable. And of course they were impracticable as far as she was concerned, for it meant putting the thirteen children which she bore him, or those that remained alive, into the very class she despised.

And "how can anyone love a man's surroundings when they smell of shoe leather and the cobbler's bench?" she exclaims, when Tolstoy has taken up cobbling for exercise in winter, instead of his usual hunting. How much prettier a sight it was when they went cross-country walking, "each with a hound on a leash." She cannot bear the thought of her daughter Marie marrying Birukov, Tolstoy's follower and biographer, for that would mean her daughter's death, she says. Marie, or Masha, as she calls her, weeps and is unhappy and wants to go "potatoing" (be a farmer and till the land), and when Birukov is sent from the house, she buys herself a tub and begins washing her own clothes, to show her Tolstoyan principles. However, in a few years she drops all this and marries Prince Obolensky and is in poor health, and after five years dies. Tolstoy compromised on his conception of property, too, perhaps from his idea that he should live in harmony with any group ("even that of a den of thieves") by giving all his property rights and copyrights, up to 1881, into his wife's hands; knowing that he did not solve the problem that way, but, as he wrote, not "to do good but to be less to blame."

Her notes on this shifting of responsibility are bitter. "How hard it is to live in a Christian household," she exclaims. "Even from the legal point of view none of it is my property, and yet I have to play the part of a scourge." And on January 12, 1881, she says, "It is hard to do all this business. It would be so much easier to say, I am a Christian and shan't do anything, for it goes against my rules."

On the question of sex, neither one nor the other seemed to have understood it or themselves very well. Tolstoy had a medieval shame of sex, giving it no place whatever in the rational life. His own answer to the problem threw confusion into the ranks of his followers and confusion into his own family life. She never would have married him, his wife says in one note after he had printed the "Kreutzer Sonata," if that is what he believed—that "there was no love, only physical passion and a rational desire for companionship." When she found him reasoning about

love he became merely sensual to her, and she was again shocked.

However, much as she disagreed with him, there is no question that living with so great a moral force had a spiritual effect upon her. Her notes are full of the same problems of life and death and the attainment of perfection, and she had the same spiritual experience that all of Russia and the world felt at any contact with him.

Perhaps it was not a lack of love between them that made the great suffering at the last, but lack of a standard of living and of a philosophy of life. There was happiness and joy in that family until the children were well grown up. By that time, had Tolstoy been a Hindu, he would have had the right to leave his household and go away and meditate on the ways of God. How he longed to do it! But his wife would have considered it rank desertion, and he thought it his duty to live in harmony wherever he was placed. Life was not very harmonious for either one of them, and the suppressed flame burst forth at the end in his last desperate midnight escape from home. He never reached that peaceful monastery in the Caucasus of which he dreamed. The excitement was too great for his eighty-two years, and he died ten days later in the little railway station of Ostipovo, with Mme. Tolstoy pacing frantically in front of the glass doors so that her shadow fell upon him as he breathed his last. He asked his daughter not to let her in, forgetting all the gladness she had given him, feeling only that she had darkened all his life. But last moments do not sum up the whole.

ROSE STRUNSKY.

## Sweet Pipes, Play On

*Music at Midnight*, by Muriel Draper. New York: Harper and Brothers. 237 pages. \$3.50.

IF you have any prejudice against memoirs as such (and for some reason the word is always associated in my mind with Anglo-Indian colonels cursed with the power of "total recall"), you may be very agreeably surprised to find yourself being entertained by these recollections of Mrs. Draper's. "Music at Midnight" is a delightful book, and it has charm—which is a much misused word, but nevertheless has a meaning.

The book is a record of five years spent abroad, in Italy and England, in those years just before the War which already have about them more than their share, perhaps, of the glamor of the irrecoverable. But Mrs. Draper has rendered unto Baedeker the things which are Baedeker's; you will find here no descriptions of "points of interest," no sociological comments, and no handy hints on travel or shopping. Her reminiscences are all about people, and parties, and concerts, and amusing stories someone told her, and the peculiarities of the great men she met. Most of these famous people were musicians, for she and her husband were musical enthusiasts, and the all-night parties she gave at her house in London were serious musical affairs. Casals, Rubinstein, Cortot and Thibaud were among those who met there regularly to play chamber music. But others came, too—May Sinclair, Henry James, John Sargent, Norman Douglas. Mrs. Draper tells of meeting George Moore, and passes immediately to the side of the angels by disliking him at sight.

"Music at Midnight" is a very personal book, and if its author's personality were less vigorous, we—her non-musical readers, especially—might resent being forced to listen to so many rapturous descriptions of the programs

of so many particular evenings. But in the midst of the most devoted outbursts, something human always happens. So, too, with her portraits of the people she knew—they are often decked out with over-elaborate phrasing until they are top-heavy, like those monstrous wigs of our grandmothers; and some of her character sketches are thus made to appear not only caricatures, but artificial as well. But these are the faults of exuberance, and heaven knows exuberance is a quality rare enough today to be worth almost anything. "Music at Midnight" is an exciting book to read, for it has zest; and we feel in it the keen edge of an appetite for life which can neither be satiated nor destroyed.

Surely there have been other golden ages besides the one she writes about. Will Mrs. Draper tell us some more?

T. S. MATTHEWS.

## The Motive Power of Politics

*Emotion as the Basis of Civilization*, by J. H. Denison. Prefatory note by George Foote Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 555 pages. \$5.

ONE of the pleasures derived from reading Mr. Denison's book is the reminder that the human spirit is wild and tragic, too swift for systems and too various for any single doctrine. This is not the pleasure the book was designed to give, however. The reader gets it from the constant stream of objections, exceptions, and denials which runs through his mind while the author is trying to cast a net of flimsy logic over the ripples.

Civilization is something Mr. Denison refuses to define. That enables him to use the word in any meaning that will serve his changing argument. He presumes that man, in creating civilization, or civilizations, has had rational plans always to control social growth. He appears to believe reason has little to do with social responses but acts nevertheless as a constant explanation for social stimuli. The primitive stage, he says, was matriarchy, which, by means of kingship and priesthood, was changed to the more stable forms of patriarchy. Social emotion has fixed and maintained institutions. The real contribution of Mr. Denison to our thinking about the nature of the State—which should not be overlooked merely because his conclusions are not acceptable—is his insistence upon the importance of social emotion as the motive power which makes institutions work.

Democracy, the next step after patriarchy, has fraternal emotions to support it. But democracy is threatened. "It seems then to be true that democracy operates successfully only among those Nordic peoples, Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic. . . . For the rest it seems that for the present some sort of autocratic control is necessary—either supported by mere force or by some of the ancient emotional cultures." Mr. Denison thinks that even France is handicapped—"it is doubtful if democratic institutions have any real hold upon the people." After such judgments it is to be expected that he finds democracy in America "being submerged by vast numbers of aliens who have been trained to do their work only under the spur of authority and under the culture of fear; who have no such sense of honor, and who laugh at men who will keep their word and play fair when they have a chance to achieve wealth by a trick or a bribe."

To save the fraternal system we must modulate it, Mr. Denison says, into "anepsiarchy." Cousinship—not

brotherhood, and those born south of latitude 50 in Europe must learn to know their place. When they have achieved the decency of Nordics they can claim closer kinship in the great social emotions which will cement us together.

This philosophic mouse is born of a mountain of comparative anthropology which serves to remind us how problematic most anthropology still is. Many of Mr. Denison's "facts" are questionable and most of his cumulative conclusions are debatable. He uses the word "probably" very often but probably not often enough. His guidance through the mazes of primitive and distant cultures is discredited by his recklessness in dealing with those of which we have slight but painful first-hand knowledge. We need new doctrines for the solving of our confusion, but new names for old insolence can only make confusion worse.

LYMAN BRYSON.

## Now the Sky

*Now the Sky and Other Poems, by Mark Van Doren.*  
New York: A. and C. Boni. 113 pages. \$2.

THE substance of what the poet has here to impart to us is that

We come too late  
To hear the gods  
Communicate.

The voices of the earth are dumb to us, the friendly room that was the sky is closed. We walk unaccompanied through a universe which is, if not hostile, at best indifferent and, however one may regard it, terrifying.

Wind and stars and tongues of men,  
And beasts between that talk alone,  
You will not converse again;  
All your songs are lost and gone.

There is no song that all can hear,  
Coming from a silent place  
Where an Indian slays his fear  
With folded arms and lifted face.

This doctrine is not novel, but it is the more disturbing when it comes from the lips of one who is obviously at home in the natural world of orchards, fields and mountains, to which so many thinkers and singers come as strangers. There is a fearful power in Mr. Van Doren's poetry that could only derive from an experience touching the roots of the poet's being. As one reads these grim notations one seems to see a man walking through the country that Wordsworth worshiped and staring at the stars that appall Jeffers. Yet Mr. Van Doren's voice is not to be confused with either. Consider, for example, the poem which concludes the volume and might well be set apart as an epilogue.

Bird, tree, and cloud, and all you creatures going  
Under upon four feet—and shadows showing  
Of things behind, put so for none to see—  
Fold up your pipes, for you are done with me.  
This is the seventh summer we have played;  
The end comes, and all the sounds are made.  
You were the slender instrument I took,  
Blowing until the rooted grasses shook,  
And the crows cried, and nodding horses came;  
But ever now the tangles are the same  
Of the mazed steps that once our rhyme unraveled.  
There is another wildness to be traveled,

And I have set my feet to go alone.  
Over no grass, and by no greying stone,  
I now would hunt new music out of bare  
Hatred, and quick love, and old despair.  
Where I am going men and women go.  
Fold up your pipes, that have instructed so.

What largely contributes to the characterfulness of these pages is a curious combination of toughness and bleakness with an unexpected eeriness. The poet is possessed, at moments, by a mystic terror that is all the more intense for being felt by so sober a person. He is assured that "the madness of things . . . must pass," but he is none the less sensible of the madness. It is this mingling of dreadful night with clear-eyed day that gives his book not merely what he beautifully calls "feathers from the sun" but also plumes of darkness from an elder heaven.

The volume exhibits the directness, the shrewdness of its predecessors, has, if anything, a sharper thrust, an angularity less carefully beveled. And yet the technique is inferior to much of Mr. Van Doren's earlier work. He is so deeply concerned with what he has to say that he is a bit jerky in saying it, and his elliptical terseness is that of one working under the stress of an emotion too fierce to find perfect expression. The transition, in more than one poem, from a leisured cadence to a line abrupt and stiff is not quite happy. The images, though usually good, are sometimes scattered too thinly to carry the full weight of his thought. Yet these matters are of relative unimportance. The quality of poetry is here.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

## The Grain of the Wood

*Transport, by Isa Glenn.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IF you apply a blow-torch to boards that have been many times painted, the layers of paint will first blister, then scale, and if you scrape hard enough, come off in strips, revealing the grain of the wood itself. In her latest novel, "Transport," Isa Glenn has applied a blow-torch to a group of a dozen or so men and women, and having well blistered them, has allowed them to scrape against each other until the grain of the wood is revealed. The novel describes the three weeks' voyage of a band of army officers and their wives, augmented by a doctor and two nurses, bound west from San Francisco to the Philippines on board a slow-going, crowded transport. The blow-torch she uses is the monotonous, cloudless, sweltering heat of the Pacific in the tropics.

The novel, like the voyage, is divided into three weeks, which might equally well be the three acts of a play. We meet the characters scurrying for deck chairs as the transport plods through the Golden Gate. Each day, from then on, Miss Glenn intensifies the flame of inactivity, proximity, and heat. The layers of paint, in the way of decorum, reticence, and long-established attitudes that have become second-nature, buckle a little at first, and then more and more rapidly flake off. For Miss Glenn has an alert eye for the little devices that her fellows use to hoodwink themselves and others. Eventually, in a series of dramatic and pathetic incidents, at the end of the second week and during the third, the grain shows. Old fears, resentments, distortions of personality, and disappointed hopes, for a few hours direct the action, to the bewilderment of the actors themselves. The cramped, breathless transport seems to become a madhouse; but a madhouse

where the inmates are merely acting out desires that they had long refused to acknowledge. With the sight of land and the preparations to dock at Manila, the characters are jolted back into their customary roles; and with a sigh of relief begin the practical business of forgetting what they have seen by taking refuge in the official disguises that will protect them for the rest of their lives on shore. If at any time they are reminded of their grotesque behavior on the transport, they will blame it conveniently on the sea, as Dr. Prime does, rather than suspect that these things had been smouldering in themselves.

Each new novel by Isa Glenn has shown a more incisive prose, an increase in the power to order her material, and a stronger sense of character, than the one before it. "Transport" is the best on all three counts; and in addition, it carries off well the difficult job of holding a group of diverse characters in simultaneous focus. Miss Glenn has advanced from her first novel, "Heat," where her people were swamped in their setting, to a point where each detail of setting and each bit of dialogue is used strictly to drive home her point. And in "Transport" she succeeds; but the very tightness of this dramatic structure gives her novel a flavor of too strict a logic. One can feel the author holding her characters' noses firmly to the plan of the book. Having mastered her architecture, Miss Glenn should feel free, in her next novel, to allow herself a more joyous elbow-space with her individual characters. And her gift for precise, telling observation amounts to a guarantee that sooner or later she will do so.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

## When I Grow Rich

*When I Grow Rich*, by Ethel Sidgwick. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

MISS SIDGWICK leads the reader of her latest novel on a sort of paper-chase, by means of scattered bits of circumstantial evidence and by devious ways, into a situation wildly remote from the "super"-civilization of the opening scenes. A family belonging to the impetuous English Brahmin caste is considering a "paying guest," and it is from scraps of information about the prospective lodger brought in by members and friends of the household that we pick up the story—which is that of *his* family. The Fiske-Jerrolds—mother, son and daughter—have been and are again about to be victimized by a treacherous and malignant villain—whose treachery and malignancy are further revealed at each turn.

As this twists about from "super"-house in London to boarding-school in Surrey, from organized country-dances to dinner-parties in Dere Street, we make out the object of pursuit—the center of interest—to be the character of the villain rather than the circumstances of his villainy. What we are after is a good sight of the Fiske-Jerrolds' enemy—to see why he has been their enemy, and why—perhaps, *whether*—he is a malignant villain. The suspense—and there is real suspense as to the consummation of his final villainy, the seduction of the Jerrold girl—might be said to be psychological rather than dramatic. The interest rises from the reader's complete uncertainty, from clues scattered regarding the fellow's past behavior, as to just how far his vindictiveness goes, and just how capable of ruthlessness he is. The indications are so lightly cast across the decorum of the early scenes that it becomes a game to discover them in the midst of naturalistic dialogue, engaging subordinate characters and

beguiling stage-setting. It is this light, though often distractingly intricate, manipulation of narrative that makes the novel plausible and stimulating, where in less capable hands it would miss fire completely.

D. B. W.

## China's Millions

*China's Millions*, by Anna Louise Strong. New York: Coward-McCann. 413 pages. \$4.

THERE is no other book on China like this, and all the rest put together make but an incomplete picture without it. Its theme and method are its own and the equipment of the writer is unique for the task—university training, journalistic gifts and experience, inside knowledge of our labor movement and the Soviet experiment, a realistic acquaintance with "The People's Power" and those who wield it. Like John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World," it is journalistic history. Also it gives us a view of the material for the future. It portrays an episode in the Chinese revolution—the swift rise of the Workers' and the Peasants' Union, their inevitable clash with the merchants and intellectuals as their actions and demands became in spots impossible and altogether inconvenient, their summary repression and the return of the generals to power.

By flashing in between the record of these organizations, and of the students' and women's unions that helped to organize them, the brief and tragic life stories of some of their leaders and members, and by setting over against these some momentary glimpses of generals and politicians who were carried to power by the ardor, the suffering, the sacrifice of these others, only to betray them in time-honored fashion, Miss Strong lets her material develop in her reader the conviction it produced in her—that here in the unrecorded, unrealized millions at the bottom of China is the real future of that nation.

It is an astonishing and a heartening revelation of capacity and self-control, of tenacity and courage that she has recorded. As one feels the depth and sweep of it, senses also the strength still left in the grip of the customs it must break before it can win a decent living, health and education for the multitudes, with freedom for the women, it becomes clearer than ever that China's revolution has passed through only its initial stage. As Borodin or one of his aides said, it will in the end be a bigger thing than Russia. The world is yet to feel the impact of China's emancipated millions, the biggest unit of undeveloped humanity. The present federation of generals that governs China may contribute to her development the modernization of her foreign relations. After that the story is up to the successors of those whom they tortured and shot at the behest of the dark forces of old China because they taught the millions how to get food and learning and freedom.

The awakening of these millions to their own capacities is the essential and most significant result of recent events in China. This much cannot be missed even by comfortable Americans if only they will read Miss Strong's book. The peasants will write the last chapter in the story of the revolution. And before then many more will die in brutal shame like Wang Su Chun who walked with her head high in the wind "that blew her to destruction," and Yang, the scholar, whose body was hacked to pieces and fed to the dogs by his foes to make sure that his memory could live only in dishonor and contempt. But their souls go marching on!

HARRY F. WARD.

## A Guide to Parents

*Your Child Today and Tomorrow*, by Sidonie M. Gruenberg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 255 pages. \$2.50.

IT IS NOW sixteen years since Mrs. Gruenberg first wrote this book as a guide to parents, but it can still hold its own among more recent books of the same genre. This is partly due to the two revisions which this book has undergone at intervals of eight years since the original date of publication (1920), but in a larger measure to Mrs. Gruenberg's consummate understanding of the child in its relation to the parent.

The special merit of this edition lies in the new chapters added, such as "Books and Reading," "Learning the Use of Money," and "Habit," as well as in the rewritten chapter on "Sex Education." Throughout the book the emotional development of the child is given greater emphasis than in the former editions, which is, of course, characteristic of the present-day psychological trend.

AUGUSTA ALPERT.

*My Mystery Ships*, by Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V. C., D. S. O. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 318 pages. \$2.50.

THE mystery ship was a decoy. It allowed itself to be attacked by a submarine. Toward the end of the War it had to be torpedoed and then abandoned by two-thirds of its crew before it could lure the submarine to the surface where the latter's destruction was possible. The thrill of these pages is the thrill of discipline. The success of the business hinged on men who would stick motionlessly to their concealed guns while the ship was sinking. In one encounter a whole gun crew remained in hiding until fire blew them up with their own ammunition, rather than give the show away. Admiral Campbell sank three submarines in this way. One of his ships was towed into port in a sinking condition. Another was beached and a third went to the bottom. There is an intimacy about naval warfare of this kind. The reader can always grasp the whole situation. In writing his book, Admiral Campbell has three advantages: He writes it himself, he writes without rancor, and he is always profoundly modest.

C. A. C.

### Contributors

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